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The Week

WHAT has become of the virtue of common sense? The coal operators refuse to consider the case of the miners until the mines are again in operation. The Government refuses to consider the case of the miners until the mines are again in operation. An injunction is sustained by the court. The strike is technically called off. Not one miner in a thousand returns to work. And the government, apparently making itself believe that it has again put the mines in operation, begins at last to exert that pressure for negotiation which, if exercised eight weeks ago, could have brought a settlement then and there. "This is the time," remarks the Philadelphia Public Ledger, "to say in entire frankness that the government has handled the situation with the tact, timeliness and conciliatory spirit of a German war governor jack-booting a Belgian town into docility."

NEGOTIATIONS having finally been initiated, under government pressure, the Secretary of Labor has furnished the conference with official data as a basis for its proceedings. The cost of living, he says, has increased somewhere between 73 and 79 per cent; the wages of the miners, during the same period, have increased between 34 and 50 per cent—with the exception of certain classes of day labor that have fared a little better. What conclusion does the Secretary of Labor draw? If there were consistency anywhere in the policy of the present administration he would say what the President said to the railway shopmen on August 25th: Wait for the cost of living to come down; better wages will only make matters worse for you. But the Secretary of Labor now starts the administration on still another tack. "The increase in the cost of living is an existing fact," he says, " and relief ought to be given to these miners on a basis of the justice of the situation."

SENATOR HITCHCOCK announces that while the President is not opposed to "all the Lodge reservations" he will pocket the treaty if it comes to him in its present form. Accordingly if no compromise is reached a large number of administration Senators will vote to reject the treaty. Should they succeed, the parliamentary situation will be confusing to those unfamiliar with Senate procedure. The Democrats apparently rely upon Vice-President Marshall to rule that a substitute program of reservations will be in order. But if Mr. Marshall makes this ruling he must be upheld by a majority of the Senate. He is not likely to be. Then will come a deadlock that can be broken only in one of two ways: either a part of the Republican majority will filter gradually to the support of the administration, or the President will himself withdraw the treaty from the Senate's consideration.

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A SHORT passage in the Senate debate on Thursday again revealed what Article X, unamended, might do for America and the rest of the world. Senator Walsh of Montana offered an amendment providing that the United States guarantee the frontiers of Czechoslovakia—and Mr. Lenroot asked whether those frontiers had yet been determined. "No," replied Mr. Walsh, "but that does not make any difference." In other words, it was the opinion of this administration Senator that whether the frontiers of Czechoslovakia were fairly drawn or whether they made an outrageous invasion upon the territory of her neighbors, it was ours not to reason why, ours but to do or die. It is just in that disastrous manner that many Americans have feared an unchanged Article X might have the effect of dissipating the influence of the United States in the field of world politics.

COMMENTING upon the Supreme Court's action in upholding the conviction of five men in New York for spreading radical propaganda, one of our readers makes this observation: "It seems to me that Justices Holmes and Brandeis are too often handing in a dissenting opinion, and in cases of this kind there seems to be a clear way of putting a stop to it. In finding innocent the five men who are in the opinion of the court judged guilty, are not Justice Holmes and Brandeis subject to the same penalty? They might thus be removed from the Supreme Court and other judges appointed. And if this same method were used in treating Judges who hand in minority opinions on moral questions, we would soon have a Supreme Court whose decisions on all moral questions would be unanimous, and our great newspapers would be spared the necessity of publishing reports which might intimate that there were two sides to moral or patriotic questions."

IT is an interesting comparison in methods to note that on the very day Mr. Lloyd George offered the British Railwaymen's Union a share in management of the roads, with powers said to equal those of the general managers, the American House of Representatives was debating whether or not to take away from labor its right to strike—even though the railways of the country were going back to private ownership. The House has not shown itself alive to the need of any positive action to enlist the confidence of the railway workers. But it managed at least to avoid the blunder of an anti-strike provision—and by a vote of 161 to 108 adopted instead the Anderson amendment, adding to the machinery now in use by the government three new Boards of Appeals for the settlement of disputes.

LABOR sections in the bill which the House has passed are not the only provisions to which the Railway Brotherhoods have raised objection. They have also attacked the proposal—a proposal from which the House refused to recede—for continuing the same federal guarantee to the roads for six months despite the fact that they are now to pass out of the government's hands. To enable the railway executives to indulge in a six months' riot of competition the government will either have to levy new taxes on the public or permit existing rates to be raised sharply—which is taxation in another form. "If a similar scheme were proposed for the purpose of aiding the farmers or the city workers," declares a statement of the Railway Brotherhoods, "those who sponsored it would be denounced as Bolsheviki, and the country would be told they were attempting to overturn republican institutions."

WHILE the House was deleting an anti-strike amendment from one bill the Senate was engaged in inserting such a provision into a different measure. Voting to increase the pay of the Washington police force, the Senate tacked on a rider prohibiting the affiliation of government employees' organizations with any union or federation advocating strikes as a means of settling disputes. In this case, to be sure, the employees affected are working for no private profit-maker; but if the House accepts the Senate's action the rider will apply not only to the Washington police, but to many thousands of workers scatterd through the country. To take away the right to strike involves at the very least an effort to provide special guarantees of fair dealing to the workmen involved. The Senate has made no such effort.

IN THEIR convention at Grand Rapids the representatives of 600,000 farmers belonging to the National Grange voted to reject Mr. Gompers' invitation for a joint conference with union labor. The farmers and the trade unions, said several speakers, have nothing in common. Of farmers as represented by the National Grange and trade unions as represented by Mr. Gompers' central Executive Committee in Washington, this is true. But there are other groups, both of farmers and of trade unionists, of which it is not true. The Nonpartisan League of North Dakota wants to shorten the distance between producer and consumer—and to use political action to achieve that result. The Chicago Federation of Labor has the same program. Between two such organizations a partnership is not only possible but likely to come. So long as Mr. Gompers holds to his present line of attack he will, so far as the farmers are concerned, be going it alone.

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A FEDER[illegible] once be made into the s[illegible] soldiers in an Armistic[illegible], Washington. First repo[illegible] shots had been fired by I[illegible] the parade was proceeding [illegible] but the coroner's inquest has [illegible]gle of evidence. Dr. Frank J. Bick[illegible] of the paraders, testifies that no shots came u[illegible] the marchers broke ranks and started for the hall. Someone suggested a raid: "I spoke up and said I would lead if enough would follow—but before I could take the lead there were many ahead of me." The door of the hall was broken open; then the bullets came.—What truth there is in Dr. Bickford's version it is the duty of the federal government to ascertain. For though an investigation cannot bring back lives that are gone, it is necessary for the country to know what circumstances can produce a tragedy like that in Centralia.

IN American politics we have no last-minute electioneering device comparable to d'Annunzio's. On the eve of the voting in Italy d'Annunzio sailed from Fiume, planted a banner at Zara, and claimed for his mother country the shores of Dalmatia. Whether this strategy brought an overwhelming victory to the annexationist candidates in the elections we are unable so far to judge. Italy's real problem is not the addition of territory but the stabilization of her finances. Nothing that d'Annunzio can do will enable his country to escape an answer.

The Call to Toleration

ON another page of this issue we reprint major documents in an important case under the Espionage Act which the Supreme Court has just decided. The documents consist of the majority opinion of the Court written by Justice Clarke and concurred in by six of his colleagues, and of the dissenting minority opinion, written by Justice Holmes and concurred in by Justice Brandeis. A former decision of great importance which was handed down last Spring and which unanimously affirmed the conviction of Debs for uttering a seditious speech, was written by Justice Holmes who in the present case has written the dissent from the majority opinion. The two decisions taken together afford a clear general indication of the interpretation which the Supreme Court will place on the Espionage Act. The minority opinion in the second case expressed with still greater lucidity the criticism which those who still cherish the traditional American ideal of toleration of opinion will direct against the authoritative interpretation of the act. The interesting fact that a Justice who is conspicuous at once for his learning, his grasp of juristic principles and his political wisdom wrote the opinion of the court in the first case and sharply dissented in the second case, affords a peculiarly favorable opportunity of studying the nature, and the possible limits of the rules of law which will or should determine the final interpretation of the Espionage Act and the relation of the legislation, as so interpreted, to the constitutional safeguards on freedom of speech.

The New Republic will publish at a later date a full discussion by a competent jurist of the prevailing interpretation of the Espionage Act. At present we merely wish to call the attention of our readers to the remarkable dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in the case of Jacob Abrams et al, vs. the United States. The Justice has taken advantage of his dissent from the majority of the Court to attach to the Act an interpretation which in his opinion clothes the American government with full power to protect society against the disseminators of opinions really dangerous to social order without emasculating the vitality of the Constitutional prohibitions against laws "abridging freedom of speech." This dissenting interpretation is likely to bulk as important in future discussion of the judicial interpretation of legislation which limits freedom of speech as the same Justice's dissenting opinion in the case of Lochner vs. New York did in relation to judicial interpretation of laws which invoked the police power for the purpose of protecting the health and safety of wage-earners.

He does not commit himself to the impossible doctrine that the prohibition of laws "abridging freedom of speech" will hamper Congress in "punishing speech that produces a clear and imminent danger that it will bring about forthwith certain substantial evils that the United States constitutionally may seek to prevent"; but he contends that it is "only the present danger of immediate evil or an intent to bring it about that warrants Congress in setting a limit to the expression of opinion where private rights are not concerned." He does not discover in the "poor and puny anonymities" of the two leaflets any sufficient tendency to produce such a danger. While he admits that the circulation of the second leaflet, if published for the purpose alleged in the fourth count of the indictment might be punishable, he "cannot find the intent required by the statute in any of the defendants' words." His conclusion conse-

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quently is drastic and severe. In his opinion sentences of twenty years' imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that the defendants had as much right to publish as "the Government has to publish the Constitution of the United States." He adds that "even if the necessary intent were shown" only nominal punishment could be inflicted upon the defendants unless "they are to be made to suffer not for what the indictment alleges, but for the creed that they avow." "In their conviction upon this indictment the defendants suffered a great wrong."

Finally Mr. Justice Holmes in memorable words re-states the theory of the nature of opinion in its relation to truth and action upon which the toleration as contrasted with persecution of expressed opinion always has and always must rest. Society is not based on completely achieved knowledge or truth, as the inquisitors thought it was or as so many one-hundred-percent Americans still think it is. "The Constitution is an experiment, as all life is an experiment." It is an experiment associated with certain convictions about government and property and human liberty which cannot be more than tentatively true at any one time, but which, if the American Republic is to remain a free democracy, American public opinion must constantly re-adjust in the light of its collective experience. "The best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market." As long as the open-minded search for more truth rather than its self-satisfied possession remains the salutary element in our attitude towards the truth "we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."

The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in this case is nothing less than a challenge issued to the American lawyers and educators, who are conniving at such barbarous persecution of opinion as that which the Supreme Court has just affirmed, to put up a rational interpretation and defense for the existing violation of what has been considered to be one of the fundamental American constitutional liberties. He has only expressed with unusual breadth and vivacity the theory about the function of freedom of speech and assemblage in the American political system which all patriotic citizens used to share and to consider one of its great and peculiar merits. Take, for instance, the following utterance: "Freedom of speech and of opinion are so well established and so uniformly acquiesced in that public declarations and acts of a kind which one day cost More his head on Tower Hill or drove Roger Williams from Massachusetts Bay, are now permitted in Boston and in Chicago without restraint or any call to accountability, despite the fact that they may tend to cost the lives of American soldiers and sailors serving under the flag halfway round the world. In the long run it is better so. A safety valve is as necessary as a steam chest." This passage was written not by some frivolous parlor Bolshevik, but by Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler. In its endorsement of utter lack of restraint or responsibilty in the utterance of public opinions and in its express acquiescence in the death of American soldiers and sailors as the traceable result of freedom of speech, we are afraid that Mr. Butler's ardent devotion to human liberty has betrayed him into assuming an unpatriotic position. We prefer, consequently, the following quotation from Mr. Charles Evans Hughes as a better expression of traditional moderate American attitude toward the freedom of speech. He calls for the services of men "who demand the facts, who are willing to stand and fall by the facts, who form their convictions deliberately and adhere to them tenaciously, who court inquiry and who play fair." "We have no greater advantage," he adds, "than a free press and the freedom of public utterance. We would not lose its benefits because of its abuses." "The remedy is to be found not in repression or impatient denunciation, but in the multiplication of men of intelligence who love justice and cannot be stampeded."

At the present time American public opinion in its relation to freedom of speech, as expressed by the Supreme Court itself, is in danger of sacrificing the benefits of liberty to a headstrong impulse to cure its abuses. We are seeking a remedy not in a temper of mind which is too self-possessed to be stampeded and which is willing to stand or fall by the facts, but in repression and in impatient denunciation. Administrative officers and the courts, instead of patiently estimating whether or not the expression of an opinion which as patriotic Americans they may loathe is or is not an imminent and actual source of danger to social order, prefer to repress all suspicious utterances and to inflict savage punishments on their perpetrators. We are acting on the supposition that every utterance which expresses hostility to the social establishment and which may possess a tendency or be prompted by a purpose to undermine it, is actually accomplishing all that it may tend or purpose to accomplish. The patriotic American seems to have lost all his former

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imperturbability, all his confidence in the stability and toughness of the American political and social fabric. He is panic-stricken lest a few hundred agitators can rend it to pieces by repeating the phrases of the Communist manifesto-phrases which the less tolerant and less stable governments of Europe have rarely considered it necessary to suppress, except when accompanied by direct provocation to acts of violence.

Social order in America is, as a matter of fact, no less secure than it was when all good Americans attached the same importance to freedom of speech as a safety valve, that Mr. Butler and Mr. Hughes once did. What has altered in the meantime is not the intrinsic vitality and adaptability of a self-governing constitutional democracy, but the effective faith which educated Americans have in the underlying moral stability of their democratic institutions. They are coming to consider violence in speech not as a safety valve against violence in action, but as a necessarily effective and malevolent provocation to violence in action. Their attitude more nearly resembles that of the Russian bureaucracy and upper classes before the war than it does the attitude of similar classes in any other country, except, perhaps, Germany. The really dangerous instability and insecurity exists, not in the fabric of American political and social institutions, but in the violent and enervated state of mind of our articulate and educated people. They are proposing to defeat revolutionism by adopting the revolutionary psychology of irreconcilability and disassociation and by initiating what is in spirit and effect a counter-revolution. Mr. Butler himself has recently given a perfect example of this emotional instability and its accompanying mental incoherence. We read one morning in a speech delivered by him the familiar but now frequently overlooked truism that ideas cannot be suppressed by force. Yet the day before he had called on his fellow-citizens to gather all their resources together for a war against the American Bolsheviki, just as they had in 1917 gathered all their resources together for a war against Germany. It is a natural consequence of such inflammatory appeals to moral and physical violence that wretches are sentenced to twenty years in jail for disseminating silly leaflets the clear purpose of which was to protest against a possibly illegal and a certainly ill-advised military expedition against a de facto class government in Russia.

If we in America ever suffer the awful affliction of a class revolution, it will come about not because of the indirect appeals to violence on the part of an insignificant minority of revolutionists, but as a consequence of the intolerance, the inflammation of spirit, the stupidity and the faith in force rather than in the justice of the existing majority of educated and well-to-do Americans. They are adopting a course which, if pursued to the end, will do far more to provoke revolutionary violence than vague and empty appeals to the proletarians for union and rebellion. Educated and responsible Americans are allowing irresponsible agitators to mould their psychology and their ethics. The suicidal error of the Bolshevists consists in their attempt to force on society by means of a class military dictatorship what they believe to be a program of economic and social liberation for the workers. The suicidal error of American counter-Bolshevism consists in its attempts to protect the safety of a free democracy by a feverish outbreak of moral and physical violence which will in the long run destroy the moral self-control and the intellectual candor and integrity which the operation of democratic institutions require. Democracy is capable of curing the ills it generates by means of peaceful discussion and unhesitating acquiesence in the verdict of honestly conducted elections but its self-curative properties are not unconditional. They are the creation of a body of public opinion which has access to the facts, which can estimate their credibility and significance and which is in effective measure open to conviction. The most articulate public opinion in America is temporarily indifferent to the facts and impervious to conviction. Its fear of revolutionary agitation betrays it into an impotent and feverish devotion to symbols and phrases which do not permit the candid consideration of social evils and abuses and the adoption of thoroughgoing remedies. American educators and lawyers no longer act as if the government and Constitution of the United States is, as Justice Holmes says, an experiment which needs for its own safety an agency of self-adjustment and which seeks it in the utmost possible freedom of opinion. They act as good Catholics formerly acted in relation to the government and the creed of the Catholic Chuch—as if the government and Constitution were the embodiment of ultimate political and social truth, which is to be perpetuated by persecuting and exterminating its enemies rather than by vindicating its own qualifications to carry on under new conditions the difficult job of supplying political salvation to mankind. If they begin by the sacrificing freedom of speech to what is supposed to be the safety of constitutional government they will end by sacrificing constitutional government to the dictatorship of one class.

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In The Best Tradition

WITHIN the last fortnight two New York newspapers have spoken up as Americans in the face of the prevailing hysteria. The Evening Post on November 15th discussed the matter with perspective and coolness. On November 16th, the New York World went to bat with all the force of its powerful editorial page.

> In spite of the poses of the professional politicians and platform orators, there is no Bolshevist menace in the United States and there is no I. W. W. menace that an ordinarily capable police force is not competent to deal with. There is a great deal of Bolshevist agitation, which is mainly rhetorical, and the I. W. W. leaders are trying to capitalize industrial discontent for the benefit of their peculiar economic theories. But the American people are not fools and they have not gone crazy. They do not need a nurse to take them to work in the morning and bring them home at night lest they be corrupted by the seditious doctrines of soap box orators. They have a great deal more sense than the politicians who are worrying about the quality of their Americanism, and whenever they are put to the test they prove it.

The whole article is one of an honorable act. It is inspired by that sense of fair play, respect for the American tradition, courage and generosity which constitute the indispensable preliminary to the solution of our difficulties. Widespread imitation of the New York World's initiative would do much to dispel the spirit of violence and hate, and the general distemper of the times. Once again the New York World has justified the faith of those who, even when in opposition on a matter of policy, count themselves its friends.

The Treaty

WHATEVER else may be said about the Senate reservations, it is plain that they conform to the underlying character of the Treaty of Versailles. They do for America's special interests what each other great power had already done for its special interest. As the treaty emerged from Paris it was based on the one-sided theory that the old-fashioned diplomacy of the secret treaties was valid for Europe while the newer ideal of the League was valid for America. The United States was to guarantee on behalf of an ideal League of Nations a settlement based on the very oldest tradition of the European Foreign Offices. The Senate liquidated the inconsistency. The ten reservations are the American equivalent for the Saar, the sanitary cordon, the indefinite reparations, Fiume, and the undebated question of sea power. They are jealous as these are jealous, selfish as these are selfish, provincial as these are. The Senate reservations like the treaty itself are not conceived in the interest of world peace, are reckless of the consequences, are inspired solely by a narrowly national view of the future. They are based on a close adherence to the example of Versailles. If one of their motives is the American election of 1920, one of the prime motives of Versailles was the British election of 1918. There is no difference in philosophy between Clemenceau and Lodge. Both are willing to tolerate the semblance of a League if they can have the old apparatus of so-called defense first. The worst that can be said of the Lodge program is that it is inspired by the same indifference to the true spirit of a league as the settlement itself.

The example set by the great powers first infected the small states of Eastern Europe. The great powers had flouted their own official program expressed in the armistice, and so had destroyed the moral authority of the peace conference. This unleashed the d'Annunzios, the Hallers, the von der Goltzes, and the Rumanians who promptly proceeded to make a farce of most of our professed purposes. By the same process the President's prestige went down to zero. He returned to America a frustrated man who could not fight candidly for the treaty. Long before Mr. Wilson's illness his leadership had disappeared, and immediately there began to operate in America the same kind of reaction as ruled in Europe. To have stayed in the League on the terms proposed at Paris would have been either mere gullibility or a demonstration of discerning and steadfast idealism unparallelled anywhere. Mr. Wilson was gullible and idealistic; the Senators are neither. They have proved themselves as practical as Lloyd George, as devoted to world peace as Clemenceau, as patriotic as Sonnino, as idealistic as Paderewski. The Senators have agreed with these statesmen that nothing is to be sacrificed to the future peace of the world. They are completing what was begun at Versailles.

There is no permanence in any of it. The permanent relations of the European states were not established by the Treaties; the permanent relations of America to Europe are not laid down in these reservations. Both will require radical revision within a decade. The treaty completely unbalanced the European equilibrium because it was based on the impossible theory that Europe could be organized enduringly against Germany and in spite of Russia; the reservations unbalance the world equilibrium because most of them are based on the impossible theory that Pan-America is a

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closed system as opposed to the rest of the world.

It is often claimed that the bad features of the settlement are the aftermath of war psychology. The same is true of the reservations. It is also claimed that the League can remedy defects. There is still as much truth in that as ever there was. Before the Senate acted, no positive good could be accomplished except by general agreement. Now that it has acted, it is still possible to achieve better results by general agreement. Is it more or less difficult? So far as the reservations on Article X, withdrawal and boycott, are concerned it is probably less difficult because the mechanical guarantees disappear and the incentive to secure consent is therefore greater. The Shantung clause is distinctly good in that it does not put the seal upon an intolerable wrong. The other reservations are in two phases: one phase transfers the control of foreign affairs to the legislature, and in view of the overgrown power of the executive is distinctly good; the other phase puts the American system outside the sphere of the League. So far as this League is concerned this is perhaps a justifiable precaution, but it should be considered as purely temporary. In a more temperate world such exclusiveness cannot endure.

The key to peace lies at present in Central and Eastern Europe. The meaning of the treaty as it stands is that America is unpledged as to the jerry-built solutions arrived at, but proposes to participate empirically in each important decision. It is for the European governments to determine whether America's presence on these terms is acceptable. But in putting this decision to them, the preamble raises unnecessary difficulties. In view of the fact that the whole settlement is tentative, the European powers ought not to be forced to put themselves on record as accepting even nominally privileged members. It establishes a difficult precedent. They should be permitted to acquiesce, rather than forced to accept.

Finally, of course, Senator Reed's "honor or vital interests" reservation is destructive of any international order, good, bad, or indifferent. The Democrats will be wise if they concentrate on this and on the preamble; and of the two the Reed proposal is, as the League to Enforce Peace correctly states, the only absolutely impossible feature of the whole business. They will be wise if they accept all the others, fight the preamble, and stand pat against Reed.

In any case, not in the Senate but at Paris, has the world's hope been postponed, and those whose faith is in a League will do well not to despair because the logic of Versailles is also the logic of Henry Cabot Lodge. The Senator from Massachusetts is effect not cause, incident not substance. As William James said long ago: "The war against war is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party." The conception of a league of free nations cannot be destroyed by the Holy Alliance of 1815 nor by the attempted Holy Alliance of 1919. It will be achieved. For those who wish to work for that achievement the main road is indicated. There will come into existence a partial league without much authority and without a consistent policy. From it they can expect just one thing, and for that they must work with all their strength and courage. That one thing is that in the next few years, as soon as possible, it shall summon a new world congress in which an enduring settlement can be devised and the substance of international law brought up to date. The task which the statesmen at Paris found it impossible to do will have to be done at another gathering of the nations.

The Government's Obligation

THE cloud of technicalities about the coal question is not so opaque that anyone needs to be uncertain about the essential facts. In war or in peace, our national health and prosperity require that coal production should proceed with certainty and regularity. The operators and miners did not succeed in effecting arrangements under which coal production could proceed. This fact, and this fact alone, brought the dispute within the moral range of the government's action. The fact that we are still at war, technically, living under laws some of which derive their force from the war powers of the government, has indeed been utilized by the Administration as a legal basis for intervention. How desperate its need for some sort of definite legal basis is amply demonstrated by the fact that it proceeded to apply the Lever act to the breaking of the strike in spite of its explicit pledge that the act would not be applied to such a use. But in the face of so great an emergency as a coal strike at the opening of winter, the Administration did not dare to let either its own pledges or a common sense reading of the law stand between it and the national need for fuel. Necessity knows no law.

That this view of the Administration's action is not discordant with the Administration's own view was clearly indicated in Secretary Wilson's address of November 14. "But when your dispute takes on the magnitude that affects the very social and in-

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dustrial life of the entire country, then the people at large are justified, as a matter of self-protection and self-preservation, in insisting that you come to a speedy determination of the difficulties that you have had." Neither here nor anywhere else does Secretary Wilson fall back upon the argument of a war emergency except perhaps as implied in this statement: "We are still in a period where we need the benefit of cool common counsel rather than of conflict." But suppose that the Administration had succeeded in securing an early ratification of the peace; should we not have remained in a period requiring cool common counsel, and maximum production? This the Administration would certainly not deny.

The government has undertaken to protect the interests of the whole people against the menace of a long continued stoppage of coal production. Its initial steps have not been well calculated. It has succeeded in effecting a formal revocation of the strike call without, however, getting the men back to work. It has summoned operators and miners to a renewal of negotiations, but it contributes nothing beyond admonitions of reasonableness toward a practical adjustment of differences. Secretary Wilson dwells upon the impossible character of some of the miners' demands and upon the impossibilities of the operators' position in insisting upon the validity of a contract which imposes upon the miners conditions which the nation would not intentionally impose upon them. But that does not carry us far.

A compromise settlement which will lead to the earliest possible resumption of coal mining is what the government must effect, first of all. But can the government be content with so little? As matters stand, such a compromise would leave the grievances that produced the strike unabated. They would continue to make for discontent and inefficiency, until they ripened into another strike, and when that strike came we should have no Lever act in force to provide machinery for governmental action. Those grievances root in the peculiar institutions of the coal industry, which render operation so intermittent and employment so uncertain that a scale which burdens the consumer with dear coal affords the miners an inadequate annual wage. We give the miners rather less than thirty hours' work per week, according to Secretary Wilson's own figures, and we fail to pay him enough for thirty hours of work to cover a week's decent living. We keep the miners standing around idle, to be at our beck and call, but we are not willing to meet the cost of this enforced idleness. True, there are always miners who take workless days on their own account. But if all the miners reported for work when the mines are open, the mines would be open for even fewer days than is now the case. The evil is a reality, not to be blown away by charges and countercharges. It is one that vitally concerns the whole people, and the government as guardian of their interests. What does the government propose to do about it? It must do something. That is the inevitable corallary of its intervention.

Secretary Wilson argues indeed that nothing can be done. There are three reasons, he points out, for broken time. One of these is the breakdown or accident, which we shall never get rid of. True: but is there nothing we can do nationally to reduce the average rate of breakdown and accident to the level of the best managed mines? A second is the seasonal demand for coal. Some seasonal variations there must be, of course, in the case of coals used mainly for domestic consumption which deteriorate seriously in storage. And yet a systematic distribution of coal, broadening or narrowing their zone of industrial use according to the season, would go far toward reducing the evil of intermittent work. So far as the obstacle to storage is merely a matter of carrying charges—and this, we believe, is usually the case— a proper organization of the market would meet the difficulty. The third reason for broken time is the difficulty in securing cars, and that is a difficulty we greatly reduced during the war by elimination of cross haulage and the economical utilization of rolling stock. If we can not do as well or better in peace, plainly the government ought to propose a plan for finding more rolling stock.

The American people have a right, in peace or in war, to an adequate provision of coal not saddled with heavy charges originating in economic waste. The miners have a right to a fair living for an honest day's work, and they have a right to the work by which they may live. There will never be anything better than a truce in the coalfields until these rights are reconciled. They will not be reconciled through the simple operation of competitive law, which has brought us to the pass where we now find ourselves. What program has the government to offer for establishing the coal industry on a national and orderly basis? It has proposed none, as yet, and stands exposed to the charge of trifling with the nation's necessities, by undertaking responsibility for the fuel supply while shirking the duty of devising means for meeting that responsibility.

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A New Alien and Sedition Law

ATTORNEY General Palmer seems bent on wiping out the last vestige of freedom of speech and press in the United States as the bill submitted by him as an appendix to his report to Congress on the activities of the Department of Justice in "attacking the radical movement," shows.

The first section of the bill makes it unlawful, among other things, to commit "any act of terrorism, hate, revenge or injury against the person or property" of any United States officer, agent or employee, "with the intent to . . . cause the change, overthrow or destruction of the Government, or of any of the laws or authority thereof." The second section not only makes it unlawful to advise, advocate, or teach the commission of any such act, but imposes a penalty of ten years' imprisonment on anyone who "makes, displays, writes, prints or circulates any sign, word, speech, picture, design, argument or teaching" which *justifies* such an act. Aliens who are convicted under the law are to be deported, without further trial, and naturalized citizens are to have their naturalization cancelled, and are also to be deported.

Obviously the language of the bill overshoots even Mr. Palmer's ambitious mark, as a few examples will show. An outraged West Virginia electorate, in a spirit of revenge against the Administration for its shameful betrayal of solemn pledges to organized labor, votes against the Democratic candidates at the next general election, and in favor of a party pledged to enact legislation abolishing government by injunction. Surely every ballot cast against a Democratic Congressman or Senator is an act of revenge against a government employee committed with intent to change a law of the United States, and every voter can go to jail for twenty years. An over zealous champion of the Constitution, goaded to hatred by Attorney General Palmer's ruthless campaign against free speech, publishes an article attacking the Attorney General and demanding the repeal of the Espionage law. Clearly the publication is an act of hate against a United States officer, with intent to change a law of the United States. The editor of a newspaper publishes an article suggesting that the vote of the West Virginia electorate and the attack on Mr. Palmer were justified. He may go to jail for ten years. Indeed he need not even publish such an article. If in the seclusion of his garret he so much as puts the words on paper, he has violated the act.

The danger of the Palmer bill does not lie in these extreme examples. They merely illustrate its defective draftsmanship. The real menace to American liberty lies in the less extreme but more probable applications of the bill. The law covers, for instance, an act of force against any person or property with intent to hinder the execution of any law of the United States. A strike in almost any industry of importance could be brought within this clause. A railroad strike inevitably interferes with the execution of the postal laws. A coal strike or a steel strike interferes with the execution of the laws relating to public works, such as irrigation, drainage, or construction programs. A trolley strike in Washington, or in any great city, would seriously burden the government departments. And it is elementary law that one who does an act with knowledge of its necessary consequences, is deemed to intend those consequences. A prejudiced court and jury could convict every participant in such a strike, and silence every newspaper which justified it.

Mr. Palmer will no doubt assure us that such was not his intention in drafting the bill, and if it is enacted, the Department of Justice will construe it reasonably. The government's broken pledge concerning the Lever act has demonstrated the worthlessness of such assurances. If Mr. Palmer intends the bill to apply to peaceful attempts to change the law, or to strikes which embarrass the government, let him draft a law which says so clearly, and let Congress pass it if it dares. If he does not, he should make his draftsman say clearly what he does intend to cover. We have had enough of legislation couched in such general terms that the most fundamental principles of personal liberty are left to the arbitrary interpretation of district attorneys and federal courts.

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Is Revolution Possible?

IN a time like the present it is not merely the man of weak nerves and shallow wit who looks out with grave concern upon the unrest that appears to grow steadily more acute in the whole field of industrial relations. Every day you encounter persons distinguished for the coolness of their judgment and for their aversion to easy and superficial conclusions who nevertheless confess that their habitual feeling of the fundamental solidity of economic and political institutions has somehow slipped away from them. What they now find in the background of their consciousness is a vague but none the less substantial mass of memories of human institutions that waxed into apparently abiding greatness, only to dissolve and disappear, too rapidly to leave behind the facts to explain their fall. The empires of Babylonia, Persia, Macedon and Rome must have looked, on the eve of their fall, quite as unshakable as western civilization looked to the average American or European in the spring of 1914.

That feeling of uncertainty, as everyone must recognize, may in some measure be discounted, as attributable to the multifold insincerities of the press and of the political harangue, winning the force of conviction through sheer repetition. You know as I know that every mean-spirited employer, confronted by even the most modest demand for higher wages, will try to drown out the just claims of his employees with a great hubbub about revolution. You are aware, as I am, that if any attempt is made, from within a labor organization, to throw out a body of officers grown remote and inactive through long privilege, the controlled press groans and creaks with forebodings of revolution. And in politics the exploitation of the danger of revolution has been good business ever since Ole Hanson leapt into fame. Any schoolchild could name men who are gunning for the Presidency, for governorships, for the office of mayor or assessor or school janitor, with no ammunition except a more than human fear of revolution, a more than human resolution to put it down with a strong hand. The volume of propaganda that seeks to utilize the spectre of revolution for other than public purposes is enormous, and not one of us can escape its influence altogether. But we can, if we choose, steady our nerves by an examination of the underlying conditions of our economic and political life. The revolutionary spirit may spread like wildfire, but only where the fuel is fairly dry.

II.

First, can we form a definite conception of the actual number of American workingmen so disaffected, not with the existing economic system, but with their particular conditions of employment, as to strike or otherwise to refuse to continue in industry? That would not, of course, be a precise measure of unrest; many men who long for the violent overthrow of the existing system are to be found in the ranks of the steadily employed; many men now on strike, are at heart as conservative as Mr. Gary or Franklin Lane. But it is the strike, breaking out now here, now there, that looms largest in the fear of revolution. And not without reason; for the revolution, if it ever comes, is pretty certain to come by way of the strike, spreading from industry to industry, subsiding only to rage anew, until the tissue by which economic life coheres is eaten away.

As to the number of men now on strike, we have to content ourselves with crude estimates, since there is as yet no official provision for the collection and prompt publication of strike statistics. The most conservative estimate I have seen placed the number of men on strike in the twenty chief industrial states at 600,000, just before the outbreak of the coal strike. The number now, then, would be a round million. I think another half million may safely be added for the non-industrial states and still another for men who, though not technically on strike, refrain from working on account of discontent with their conditions of employment. Two million workers on strike represent a great army of discontent; but we must not neglect to place it alongside of the army of forty-five million we normally have gainfully occupied. Two men disaffected out of forty-five does not of itself argue grave disintegration. There is reason for believing that unemployment due to business depression produces more bitter discontent with the existing system than does the suffering that attends the strike. Yet we never fall into a panic when the press reports two million men or three vainly beating the streets in search of work. Indeed at the present time, you often hear persons who would like to be taken for strong men proclaiming their longing for an unemployment crisis, "to teach labor a lesson."

We need to know, not only what we can about the volume of industrial unrest, but also whatever we can infer as to its quality. How spontaneous is it, how deep-seated? One of the most marked

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characteristics of the current strike wave has been the disregard of the orders of the central organization by the local bodies, or in some cases, by the rank and file. There is an incredible number of "unauthorized" strikes nowadays. It is a fair inference that the central officers are too conservative to be representative. In so far as they maintain their influence they hold the tendency to strike within bounds. We should have more strikes if the general membership had its way. And of course, the general membership will in the end control. The most that can be expected of the central officers is that they may retard the more drastic decisions of the rank and file until the employers have become reconciled to the yielding of such concessions as will establish a fair measure of harmony.

One other indication of the general spirit of the working class deserves consideration here. I have mentioned the curious phenomenon of "vacations" —strikes in everything but name. There appears to be, besides, a widespread tendency toward irregularity of work, not without an appreciation of the embarrassment the employer may incur. Wherever you go, among large employers or small, you hear complaint of this kind of irregularity. It is a cause commonly advanced for the failure to complete work or make deliveries on time. That vice appears just now to permeate all our business life. A building that was to be ready in August is still under construction in November. Automobiles promised for summer fail to appear before the autumn frosts. I am far from maintaining that all this is due to the unreliableness of labor. Much of it, however, is, and represents a problem with which it is very difficult to deal.

III.

In this summary a place must be given to the currency of ultra-radical doctrines, anarchism, communism and the whole congeries of ideas popularly known as Bolshevism. How important a place I am uncertain, as I am uncertain how much attention can profitably be given to pure doctrine in any practical political movement in history. It used to be the fashion to impute such an event as the French Revolution to the explosive force of the liberal ideas that had grown to a considerable volume before the revolutionary movement took active shape. To the romantic school of early nineteenth century poetry and history there was something very inspiring in the notion that it was an Idea that had shattered to dust the solid edifice of the Ancient Regime. The modern historian, preoccupied rather with the search for causes than with the quest for inspiration, does not impute such transcendent importance to Rousseau and his predecessors as the school of Taine were in the habit of doing. The Ancient Regime was crumbling, through causes easily intelligible to any one who cares to look into the changes going on in the economic life of western Europe. The aristocratic system was fated to give way to a system in which the manufacturer, the merchant and the banker would play a dominant role. Possibly doctrine may have accelerated the change; possibly it may have helped to shape the new institutions that were in any event rising out of the old. I see no reason for assigning a greater role to doctrine in the present crisis. The Bolsheviki did not create the Russian revolution. They profited by the disintegration produced by war, which of itself made a proletarian revolution inevitable, to introduce their own formula of reconstruction. In the long run the vitality of that formula must depend upon the degree in which it fits the facts of Russian life. This almost every one admits. So in America, new and strange doctrines may be abroad in the land, but their ultimate potency must depend on the degree in which they fit the facts. That is the cardinal inquiry.

It is futile to treat industrial unrest as merely a labor question. What is going on in the camp of the employers is just as pertinent to the inquiry. Employers are not always standing on the defensive, although they and their spokesmen always, for propagandist purposes, assert or assume that they do, just as every nation, even though swimming in dreams of conquest, insists upon the purely defensive character of its policies. At the present time, it is obvious, American employers are not in a defensive attitude. There is abundant gloating over the idea of "going to the mat with labor," now while the surpluses accumulated in the recent prosperous months afford abundant sinews of war. There is little enthusiasm today for the idea that nation-wide labor organizations, efficiently and conservatively led, would constitute an influence making for business stability and social order. For the purposes of the current propaganda it is conceived to be desirable to minimize the differences that obtain between the position of Mr. Gompers and that of Mr. Haywood. Dye all labor activity as deeply red as the circumstances will permit; that seems to be the rule of the spokesmen of the employers.

When two nations are trying to keep the peace, or make peace, each does its best to distinguish between the enemy people and the enemy militarists, between those with whom peace may be made and those who deserve extermination. When two nations are bent on making war, this distinction is

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dropped. The whole enemy nation, down to the babes in arms, is conceived to be infected with the crimes that would justify extermination. Our present industrial condition appears to be in the war-making, not the peacemaking stage. On either side there is a disposition to impute extreme intentions to the other, to exploit atrocities, to generate fighting symbols. This does unquestionably seem to presage a sharper conflict ahead of us. But just as most international crises blow over without fighting, so industrial antagonism that at first appeared vital usually smooth themselves out. War does not come on so casually as we are prone to assume. Unless we conceive that our general industrial condition is ripe for a profound change, we had better not indulge in alarmism, unless we are regularly employed in a propaganda that pays us well enough in the present to compensate for later discredit.

IV.

In striving for a sane view of the present industrial condition we shall find it worth while to ask ourselves the question, Just what did we expect to encounter, in the period to succeed the world war? Did we expect the peace conference to wave a wand and proclaim the order "As you were"? If we did, we must have lived in complete ignorance of the vast current of discussion that since the time of the first Hague Conference played upon the problem of war and its social and economic consequences. Those who followed that discussion realized that a world war, if it must come, would exert an appalling power of destruction; that it would quickly eat up available supplies of war material and take up any existing financial slack; that all the economic forces of the warring nations would be drawn out of their accustomed channels, and that unimaginably great demands would be made upon the credit structure. It was well understood that getting back to a stable peace footing would be a slow and trying process.

We may profitably consider in detail some of the economic consequences that any intelligent person would have been able to predict, if he had been willing to divert his attention from the dramatic course of military operations. In the first place a general rise in prices could have been predicted with certainty. Have not high prices attended every great war of modern times? When wars are waged on credit, the government with its insatiate needs for all manner of supplies appears in the market to compete with civilian demand, not at the outset much reduced by the fact of war. The most elastic conceivable system of production could not meet the increased demand immediately. Hence prices must rise and keep on rising until the government demand wrests such goods as may be necessary away from the private demand.

There were, to be sure, well understood methods by which the private demand might have been reduced sufficiently to permit the public demand to be satisfied without price inflation. Drastic war taxes, immediately operative, would have had such an effect; cash loans that could not have been used directly or indirectly as a basis of banking credit would have worked to the same end. But none of the warring countries was willing to risk the unpopularity of taxation drastic enough to effect a serious reduction in civil consumption, or of a loan policy which made actual saving from consumption necessary. In this country, the demand for a pay as you go policy was frowned upon as almost tantamount to treason. Mix up our high ideals with gross and heavy taxes! Accordingly we proceeded as far on the road of inflation as the time at our service permitted. That may have been wisdom, or it may have been unwisdom. It was certainly unwisdom if we were not prepared for the consequences.

Of these consequences the most immediate and the most embarrassing was the tendency of costs of living to outrun the scales of wages. That was easily foreseeable. There is hardly an economics text book on the market which does not offer statistical proof, from the period of the Civil War, that in times of inflation prices rise more rapidly than wages, and attain to greater relative heights. This principle was made a part of the official sound money propaganda in the elections of 1896 and 1900, and it can hardly be possible that it has faded out of the minds of the majority. When we accepted methods of war finance that connoted price inflation, we also accepted a condition of increasing distress for a large part of our working class.

There was, however, no uniformity about the rise of either prices or wages. In the munitions industries prices soared far beyond the average and the need for an increased working force often raised wages more rapidly than living costs. In other fields it was impossible for the employers to readjust their prices to the new conditions; to raise wages in conformity to the rise in general cost of living would have been ruinous. Public service enterprises presented an extreme case of this kind of inelasticity. Everywhere they fell into financial distress. That fact did not abate the discontent of their working personnel with wages too meagre to make ends meet. Between these extremes we had a vast mass of workers in industries that were prosperous and able and willing to advance wages, but in most instances not enough to make up for the

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increase in living costs. Was not this general condition one that presaged a considerable degree of industrial unrest, to make itself manifest as soon as the close of the war should divest patience under hardship of its patriotic character?

It was also predictable that the unrest would manifest itself in a demand for lower prices, as well as in a demand for higher wages. How much of our difficulties have been due to unscrupulous profiteering no one is in a position to determine with any degree of precision. Probably we have all overestimated the importance of this factor. For several months the Department of Justice has been hunting down profiteers, under sufficiently drastic laws. The effect upon the price level has not been striking. In our present inquiry, however, it does not matter whether the case against the profiteers is valid or not. We all believed that it was valid. The President believed it. So did the Attorney General and Congress. Even the New York Times believed it. Then how must it have seemed to the laborer striving to maintain a family on twenty dollars a week?

Besides the general discontent originating in the discrepancy between wages and the cost of living, there are innumerable grievances from the period of the war now pressing for liquidation. We gained in industrial power, during the war, by our "work or fight" laws and ordinances, by our vigorous suppression of labor agitation that could be treated as seditious. We gained in financial power by forced subscriptions to liberty loans through withholding of instalments from the pay envelopes and sometimes through even more drastic means. We employed a thousand and one minor oppressions, believing them to be for the good of the state in time of crisis. Perhaps they were, just as other practices that would be too wasteful for peace may be advantageous in war. But certainly we were not so fatuous as to suppose that we should escape the necessity of paying in the end for these advantages.

What more could we have predicted? We should not have hesitated to forecast a widespread strike movement, and in such a movement we should have expected to find a fair representation of ultraradical tendencies. We should have expected the employing interest to make the most of those tendencies and wherever possible, to identify the employing cause with traditional law and order. All that was as plainly foreseeable as the increase in our public debt was foreseeable. We should not have chosen to incur either debt or industrial unrest except for compelling national reasons. Since we had such reasons, are we now to be hysterical about the price we have to pay?

V.

We might be excused for hysteria over our national debt if we were as near bankruptcy as our former enemies or even some of our allies. We might be excused for hysteria over our industrial unrest if we were as near revolution as some of the states of Europe, enemy and allied. But do we actually stand near revolution? That is a question we can answer even tentatively only after an analysis of the distribution of social economic, that is, potential political power in the country at large.

It will be generally agreed, I believe, that any revolutionary movement directed toward the overthrow of the American political and economic system would have to originate in the highly industrialized sections of the country. The farms and the small towns, and even the larger cities that live chiefly as distributing centers in the agricultural states, are not generating revolutionary radicalism. Some may take exception to this statement on the ground that the Northwest is generating an active kind of radicalism in the Nonpartisan League. That looks indeed like revolutionary radicalism to Northwestern business men who are interested in banks, elevators and retail trading, which may suffer somewhat from the policy of government owned banks and elevators and from cooperative stores. Government loans to men desiring to own the farms they work and the houses they live in also appear revolutionary to local real estate dealers. The Nonpartisan League mixes in politics, and that necessarily results in a denunciation of its revolutionary tendencies by the politicians and newspapers whose influence it diminishes. The majority of us hold no shares in North Dakota elevators and have no interests vested in the old party machines of the Northwest. We can afford to indulge our common sense. And that tells us that there is practically no enterprise undertaken by government in North Dakota which might not be undertaken by any "bourgeois" government anywhere. We do not call the ownership of docks by New York City a revolutionary adventure. Why fall into a panic over ownership of grain elevators by North Dakota? Banks owned or virtually owned by the State are common in Europe. They are never regarded as inimical to the institution of private property. And as for the use of public money to stimulate farm and home ownership, a policy more conducive to fundamental conservatism would be hard to devise. Home owners furnish few recruits to a party proclaiming confiscation. We are not, to be sure, asserting that everything the Nonpartisan government of North Dakota is doing is wise, from a business point of view. That is beside the

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point. The Nonpartisan Leaguers want to acquire private property under what they conceive to be fair terms and to hold it subject to minimum risks. In spirit, therefore, they may safely be ranged along with the rest of the agricultural population as supporters of the essentials of the existing order.

Now, the rural and small town population of the United States still approaches one-half of the total, and if we add to this the population of cities that are essentially distributing centers, we shall have nearly two-thirds of the population, occupying more than seven-eighths of the territory, in which it is impossible to imagine a revolution as arising spontaneously. This does not imply that in this greater part of our population and territory there are not discontented elements that would welcome revolution. Even the smallest town may harbor a fraction of unhappy and exploited day workers; the richest agricultural sections have their casual laborers, treated often as vile outcasts, and in the South the majority of Negroes have little to lose but their lives. Also, in many parts of the North, there is a considerable class of permanent tenants whose outlook upon life is embittered. But such discontented elements are quite encysted in the more or less prosperous classes who hold property or have a certain prospect of property holding before them.

VI.

Let us then glance at the position of the industrial sections, where alone it is conceivable that a revolutionarymovement might get under way. Most American industry is confined to a narrow belt comprising southern New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with outposts in Michigan and Minnesota, the Eastern South and the Rocky Mountain States. Now, assume that a revolutionary ardor spread over this entire belt; what chance would there be of subjecting the whole of the nation to its will? As it seems to me, little or none. Strategically, the position of a revolution organized in industrial America would be hopeless.

For a revolution which is to burn its way from a center toward the periphery, against the resistant force of a non-revolutionary population, must hold the power of reducing tht population to extreme distress. That a revolution organized in the industrial centers of England could do, because it is those centers that by their surplus production draw in from abroad the bulk of the necessities of life of the general population. The British miners control the fuel; the British textile and hardware and miscellaneous manufactures control the food. With us the industrial centers, instead of drawing food into the country for distribution to the non-industrial hinterland, are themselves dependent upon that hinterland for food. A revolution of industrial origin, shattering transportation and cutting off fuel, would inflict great hardship upon the non-industrial sections, but it would starve the industrial centers themselves.

This is not saying that an attempt at revolution might not plunge the country into unimaginable disorders and miseries. But it is saying that with the present distribution of American resources between industry and agriculture, with the present preponderance of elements that show no sign of a desire to overthrow the regime of private property, a successful communistic revolution is unthinkable. If there is any one who seriously entertains the notion that we may soon see in America a repetition of Russia's experience, he is living in a day dream, pleasant or unpleasant according to his taste.

Still, it may be urged, does not the experience of Russia prove that a determined minority may seize the political power and wreak its will? If one clears his mind from the cobwebs and dust of two years of official propaganda, he will perceive that Russia is no exception to the rule that a successful economic revolution presupposes the acquiescence, if not the active support, of the majority forces in a state. The struggle inside of Russia, ever since the Bolsheviki seized power, has been between one kind of communistic radical and another, between Bolsheviki and Socialist Revolutionaries, between Bolsheviki and anarchists, not between communists and socialists on the one hand and upholders of the regime of private property on the other. The last party has been too feeble to do anything but conspire and suffer. And as between the actual contestants for power, there was little more room for choice, for the ordinary Russian peasant or workingman, than there is for the average middle class American between the Republican party and the Democratic.

That this is the real condition of Russian affairs is attested not merely by whatever honest information comes out of Russia, but by the three great experiments of the Allied governments. They have dipped deep into Russia, from the North, East and South, seeking for that alleged majority that is bitterly opposed to the Bolshevik regime. If they had found any such majority it would have been all over with the Bolsheviki, and very promptly. The well armed, well equipped majorities from the points of invasion would have proceeded stage by stage, liberating majorities everywhere and arming them, until they swept down, mighty avalanches, upon the Soviet center. Nothing like that happened. Al-

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though the Archangel, the Kolchak and the Denikin governments could promise abundant food and clothing in a desperately impoverished land, they each had to resort to ruthless conscription. Although their armies were superior in every item of equipment, their net progress, for a whole year, has been practically nil. And there is no one who would deny that once foreign aid was withdrawn, all these "governments" would crumble. Now, can any one imagine the American West and South, still prosperous and cherishing the principle of private property, submitting tamely to a revolutionary dictatorship representing a small minority of the industrial workers of the East and Middle West?

VII.

The time is remote when industrial revolution would be possible in America. The essential conditions are far from being fulfilled. Are they even in progress toward fulfilment? There are some indications of development toward a less stable order. One of these is the gradual change from a preponderatingly rural to an urban, industrial economy. From 1880 to 1910 the urban population increased nearly threefold, relatively to the general population. As yet there is no sign of a slackening of the movement toward the cities, and no reason for forecasting such a slackening in the near future. Apparently, then, at the end of another generation the United States will be preponderantly an industrial nation, drawing heavily upon world trade for supplies of raw material. At present one-third of the population lives in cities of 30,000 and over. In another generation one-half will live in such cities. At the present rate of growth in population, we shall cease exporting food in ten or fifteen years; in thirty-five years we shall be importing food in large volume. This may be to the point or it may not. All depends on what we do with our city populations. Shall we pack them in slums, expose them to the exploitation of employers too eager for rapid enrichment, to the unrestrained rapacity of landlords and middlemen, or shall we make it a requirement of those who would exercise the privilege of living off the labor of others to provide decent conditions of labor, wages adequate to wholesome living, economical housing and cheap and abundant supplies of the necessities of life? Shall we strive for a condition in which the few shall be able to make the maximum profit out of the many, or for a condition in which the many are vividly conscious of the benefits they receive from the continued operation of a system deriving its force from private initiative? Men who do not like to contemplate the possibility of economic revolution should have no difficulty in making their choice, even though every grasping exploiter and profiteer loudly proclaims himself a true bulwark against revolution. Consider: if the revolution were just around the corner, you might accept the claim of Mr. Gary and the coal mine operators, that they are the true defenders of the present order. But the revolution is at least a generation away: probably much more distant; indeed, beyond the horizon of practical considerations if our generation looks to the kind of influence it transmits into the future. Mr. Gary and the coal operators may "put labor in its place" just now. They may thrust labor discontent under the surface, instead of coming to an understanding with it. But what goes under the surface comes up again, within a generation, and often with heightened potential. We pretend to be disturbed over underground "propaganda." Propaganda may indeed thrive better in dark places than in the sun; but what lives and thrives underground better than propaganda or anything else is a sense of grievances brutally inflicted. We are producing such grievances on a large scale, often in the name of "law and order."

But still, shall we not always have our sound agricultural districts, to balance the state against urban discontent, however fostered in our folly? There is no magic of conservation about rural life. You will find difficulty in producing one historical instance of thoroughgoing economic revolutionism in an agricultural territory where the farmer lives prosperously on land of his own. But where the farmer lives miserably, a tenant on another's land, the revolutionary spirit spreads rapidly, once it has risen into a flame. East of the line from Danzig to Trieste, where is there a rural population upon which a middle class structure can securely rest? Only where the peasants own the land they till.

American agriculture is still prevailingly conducted under the system of comfortable farm ownership. Yet 37 per cent of our farms were operated by tenants in 1910; it was 35.3 per cent in 1900, and it is probably 40 per cent today. A very gradual divorce of ownership from operation is taking place. The development of tenantry proceeds most rapidly where land prices are high; therefore we may be certain that it will be accelerated as the pressure of increasing population carries agricultural prices to ever higher levels. Unless the nation awakens to the desirability of fostering ownership, by better provision for purchase loans, the differential taxation of non-operating owners and similar measures generally condemned by those who are freakishly classed as "conservatives."

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VIII.

The general economic system founded upon private property is in no present danger in America. Any future danger to that system is remote. These are conclusions I believe that any one who will examine dispassionately the facts of American life will be forced to concur in, whether he abhors the idea of an economic revolution or stakes his best hopes upon it. Mr. Gary and Mr. Foster, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Lewis may do their best or worst: we shall still go on indefinitely improving our homes, drawing our dividends or salaries or wages, perhaps starvation wages, as we have become accustomed to doing. But is that assurance all we Americans care for? We used to assume that America meant something more than mere stability of conditions, the realization of reasonable, though petty expectations of the more fortunate part of the population. We conceived of America as passing through successive stages toward a really democratic condition, where no one would need to be stunted physically and cramped intellectually for want of the prime necessities of life and living. As we reflected upon the possibilities inherent in technical inventions and in improved productive organization, we saw clearly that there was no valid reason for accepting grinding poverty and overwork as normal and permanent incidents of the life of the majority. In the possibilities of progress before us we saw a virgin economic field, wide enough and rich enough to endow the disinherited of the nation. To open and exploit that domain was an alternative to the age-long struggle of the Haves and Have-nots worthy of a new people and a new time.

But that is a kind of pioneering that requires the best effort and active cooperation on the part of the whole of society. A few inventors and organizers may lift individuals and groups upon a higher plane of welfare. For the colossal work of suppressing poverty and narrowness of living all the possible personal resources of society are none too adequate. And those resources are not of such a character that they can be measured and contracted for and delivered like dead merchandise. They must be elicited through the building up of an active industrial morale. The conventional wages system will not do the job, that appears to be clear. In the antebellum South, any one who desired to get the best and most intelligent service out of a slave recognized the necessity of supplementing the crude control of ownership with a measure of the privileges and emoluments of the free man. If our society wishes to get the best services out of the wage earner, it must treat him as something more than a mere seller of labor. The laborer must have his own organized life, accorded him as an unquestioned right; and through his organization he must be given a share in controlling the policies of the enterprise in which he takes part. Otherwise there is no sure promise of improvement, nor is there, indeed, any guarantee that the present degree of efficiency in industry will be maintained. It is an insuperable task to keep up the level of production when the morale of labor is a morale of driving want, not of hope and independence of spirit.

But today the employers are shouting defiance to labor instead of addressing themselves to the work of discovering better bases of cooperation. It is a good time, they think, to deliver a knock out blow to the pretensions of labor. After the knockout, labor will arise to its task in a chastened and docile spirit. That is conceivable. But the realization of the potentialities of America will never come about through a docile and chastened spirit but through exuberance and creative enthusiasm. And that exuberance and enthusiasm America cannot afford to permit the Garys and the coal operators and their political and journalistic henchmen to destroy.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

In Judge Anderson's Courtroom

A CUBE of rather dimmish air; pilasters in the side walls; some heavy hangings; a heavily paneled ceiling; an oval sky-light; electric lights; a wide frieze of pictures about the walls—pictures or designs or coats-of-arms, I cannot quite make out; a rail across the middle of the room; behind it a silent chorus of citizens, sitting, packed, every chair occupied, nobody in the standing room, nobody permitted to stand; in front of the rail public characters—newspaper correspondents, lawyers, defendants, court functionaries stepping as on velvet and hushing.

Close to the front wall a low dais, and on it a table, and behind the table an empty chair, and behind the chair, high behind it, a large picture framed at the sides with pilasters and at the top with a pediment. There are two figures in it, female figures. One of them is sitting, contemplatively, with hand to cheek, but at ease, with an arm resting relaxed. The second figure is kneeling, with one hand on breast and with the other stretched out to the first figure. I judge this scene to represent the first stage in an equity proceeding.

Th court functionaries increase their hushing. The judge comes in. There is a rising throughout the room. A mallet rises. The man drop-

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ping it announces the honorable court of the Southern District of Indiana. The judge is standing beside the chair on the dais. He sits. We all sit. The judge looks about quietly, sharply.

He is sharp-built, in eye, in body, in face. He is lean, with lean lips, with long lips, turning down deeply at the corners. He has good color. He looks scrubbed, groomed, fit, with his powers of body and mind collected, pointed. He sits at ease. Only his eyes release his energy. They dart it from point to point among the men before him.

A man with a long nose, a quite commanding nose, and a very quiet manner, rises and reads a document about many tons of coal. The Government has contracted to get these tons. Now it will not get them if persons conspire not to dig them. This man is representing the Government on the same footing, as he says, in this court-room with the miners. He is a schooled person, schooled in court-manners. He reads about his tons of coal unemphatically, slowly, importantly.

A man rises to claim that these tons are not pertinent. He rises as if he were not quite sure that he ought to rise. He half-rises. On behalf of the miners he thinks that, perhaps, he ought to have objected to the introduction of these tons. "I would have over-ruled your objection," says the judge. He says it like a shot, and his lips close as if he were a sort of magazine rifle with another cartridge moving into place in him.

The Government's lawyer proceeds amblingly through an affidavit from West Virginia claiming that some miners there were breaking a special recent contract, and an affidavit from Tennessee claiming that some miners there had recently said that the war-time contract between the miners and the operators was still binding. The judge listens. He had said: "This is an equity case, and I am going to let the evidence in." He listens.

I note Mr. Tetlow also listening. He sits among the defendants. He is statistician for the United Mine Workers. He holds the position that Mr. Lewis held before Mr. Lewis became Vice-President. Mr. Tetlow is very orderly and unaggressive in his looks and ways, and has a bald spot on the back of his head, and he is dark. As an "unpatriotic radical" he is also dark. He was a machine gun captain in the Argonne forest, on the American side. He told me a great deal yesterday about the relative merits in action of Vickerses and Brownings. He prefers machine guns to other weapons. He was in the Spanish war. He volunteered in the German war. He was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of Ohio, a regular Republican member. He is very earnest about Americanism. He regards it as unpatriotic for coal-miners to fill mines with solid blocks of aliens. It is difficult for the United Mine Workers to Americanize those blocks.

Near Mr. Tetlow I see Mr. Green, the miners' Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Green is moderately florid, with a roundish head and a roundish face and a sort of sleekness of effect, as of an affable club-corner person doing an incarnation as a miner. I was told by a postal-service employee yesterday that Mr. Green can make a better speech on Americanism and Democracy than any other "labor skate" he ever heard. Mr. Green is a regular Democrat. He was elected in that capacity to the Ohio Senate. I shall remember him principally for the earnestness with which he told me that he could not understand why the Government did not compel the operators to go into the "negotiation" which the miners were continuously offering. Mr. Green is a regular Democrat and a regular citizen and a regular fellow.

Mr. Lewis, sitting next to him, is listening to the Government's affidavits palely. He is paler even than when I saw him yesterday. He talked then of the Cleveland Convention which sent the Wage-Scale Committee to try to negotiate with the operators. The Convention was elected by all the local unions. The Wage-Scale Committee was elected by the Convention. The will of the whole union was there. He was its agent.

As he talked, the will of the union seemed to be strong upon him; and the will of the Government seemed to be strong upon him; and his own great strength was strongly contending amid these wills. He is a thick man, a broad man, a man of a bulk like a bull, his face massive with firm flesh, in which there are wrinkles which are not so much wrinkles as furrows, and on his head a Samson growth of hair. He worked in the mines not so very long ago. He could sit as the model for the statue of one's notion of the human body hewing coal.

He sits in his chair now in this court-room carrying on his struggle within himself, and it is worse than it was yesterday. Yesterday he walked up and down without stopping. To-day he has to sit. He sits and listens to his Government. The Government continues blandly reading affidavits, and presents a statement made in the House of Representatives by Mr. Mondell condemning the strike, and a statement made by President Wilson disclaiming any opinion "on the merits of the controversy" and condemning the strike, and a statement from somebody to the effect that the fixing of the prices of coal was never abandoned but merely suspended. The judge listens.

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I imagine the sitting figure above the judge's chair interrupting to say:

"Wait a minute! Do you mean to tell me that the merits of the controversy have nothing to do with the action of this court and that the Government can suspend its war-time control of the coal operators for eight months and then come into this court for a war-time injunction against the miners and come with clean hands?"

But the sitting figure, I conclude, is not interested in economic equity. She seems to be thinking of equity in the back of her head. She does not interrupt. The Judge does not interrupt. He interrupts the Government only two or three times in the course of its evidence and argument. When the Government mentions the Debs case, he instantaneously snaps:

"I am familiar with it."

When the Government mentions a certain point of law, he instantaneously shoots:

"The Debs case settles that."

The Government smiles in happiness and goes on to tell a very interesting story about Lord Byron. Lord Byron had a river or a creek on his place. A neighbor brought suit against him because this river or creek was not flowing off Lord Byron's place in its natural way. The court issued a mandatory injunction telling Lord Byron to make it flow the natural way.

Then the Government prays this court to issue a mandatory injunction telling the leaders of the miners to cancel the strike-order. The judge listens. He turns to the lawyer of the miners.

The miners' lawyer rises to a speech. He stretches out his hands and speaks on the right to strike. He speaks jerkily. His words trip on themselves or lag apart. He quotes Judge Harlan. Judge Harlan, I think he says, refused to order people to go to work. He quotes Judge Harlan promptly and proceeds a few moments more. Then his set speech stops. The judge before him begins to lean over his desk and interrupt. He begins to ask questions. He begins to ask them with a show of teeth.

"Do you mean to tell this court——?" "Do you mean to say——?" "What has that case to do with it?" "Are these defendants persuading *others* to strike or are they not?"

The miners' lawyer ejaculates that these defendants are simply *agents*. They are not inciting others. They are simply obeying others. They are obeying an order by the Union in convention. They are not agitators. They are employees of the Union.

The judge purses his lips till the corners of them seem to come all the way down to his jaw, and the flame in him begins to flare.

"This case," he says flashingly, "is a case under the Lever Law. How do you pronounce it? Leever? Levver? It makes no difference. It is a case under that law. Here is a conspiracy to limit production. Everybody knows it is a conspiracy. Don't *you* think it is a conspiracy?"

The miners' lawyer stands up to the question and ventures to say, "I do not."

"Well, go ahead," says the judge. "Nobody else thinks it isn't a conspiracy."

This thrust brings a breath of satisfaction from the chorus of citizens behind the rail, a breath as of "thumbs down" in the Colosseum. The miners' lawyer is going to be the dying gladiator. He is well wounded. He rallies to contend that the Lever Law has expired "under the rule of the decision of Judge So-and-So."

"But I don't agree with Judge So-and-So," instantaneously bangs the judge in front of him. The miners' lawyer seems inclined to sink into his seat and stay there. "There's no use discussing it," says the judge, "I intend to hold that the Lever Law is constitutional and that it exists. And I intend to hold that two miners, *two miners, working with their hands, in a mine,* cannot conspire to limit production."

The judge goes on to dwell from time to time on work with hands. He states that Mr. Debs has never worked with his hands. "At any rate he hasn't worked with his hands since I have been cognizant of him." He states further that strikes —and apparently this strike—can be seen being stirred up by men who are not working with their hands.

The judge seems very Bolshevik, very Sovietty, on this point, but much farther to the Left than Lenin. The workers who work with their hands, who do the real work, should do the managing of their own affairs. Why not? Now jailers, for instance. Jailers do all the real work of preventing criminals from being at large. Why should they directly or indirectly employ a lot of judges who know nothing about jailing and who never did an honest hour of real jailing in their lives, to sit around and act at the headquarters of the jail business? Miners, miners working in mines, living in their mining towns, should manage the composite national affairs of a union of 500,000 men. Then we would have no unions. Exactly so.

The judge also dwells much on conspiring. The miners' lawyer opens his mouth to deny that his clients are conspiring to stop the Government's

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railroads. The judge's indignation is unforced. His fist leaps across his desk in the same act with his words:

"You say that? When they are conspiring for the very *purpose* of stopping the railroads?"

The miners' lawyer drags in the fact that back of stopping the railroads is the true purpose: the improving of hours and wages. I begin to think that perhaps he will say something about what they actually are, and about what the Government has or has not done about them and about what the responsibility of the Government may be and about what course, if any, was really open to the men to get the improvement desired. But he seems to be as scantily interested in those things as the listening lady in the picture on the wall in front of him. He is presently saying something about a bridge, and then about another bridge. He is in a court of legal equity. But he does say that if the operators would consent to negotiate for a new contract there would be no strike, and he raises his voice, with despair now evident in it, to inquire:

"If the operators refuse to negotiate an agreement under which coal can be dug, are they conspirators?"

The judge waves his hand and settles back and smiles and says: "Give me one case at a time." The chorus of citizens advances to a titter. The judge is soon leaning back on his desk and stopping the miners' lawyer again.

"That's neither here nor there." "Unless you're particularly anxious to read that case, don't waste your time." "Now I've told you that I'm going to hold the Lever Law valid, so what's the use of talking?" "I've read the Debs case quite as often as you have."

His remarks spatter out like a metal spray from one of Captain Tetlow's favorite weapons. One feels that he is venting his own conscience as well as his own legal certainty and economic indifference. The miners' lawyer was to talk forty-five minutes. He has talked only a few of those minutes. The rest of them are being spent on colloquies in which he is not only silenced but mangled. He pleads—he really, in the ordinary sense of the word, pleads—to be allowed to make an argument about the right of the court to issue injunctions in labor disputes. As he stretches out his hands they are now shaking. He does not seem to be certain that he will make that argument. He does not make much of it. The judge refuses to listen long to diminishments of the injunctive powers of the courts of the United States. He manifestly conceives those attempted diminishments to be simply silly. He breaks in with.

"The Constitution puts the 'judicial power' into the courts. Do you think that Congress, by statute, can take it away?"

I perceive that if this judge is going to be stopped from issuing injunctions in the field of the 'judicial power,' it will have to be done by two-thirds of both houses of Congress and three-fourths of the states and then in words that really do it. He will scan those words with a devastating mind and a fearless will. He comes now to saying that will.

He will issue the mandatory injunction and he will do more. I listen to him then with a feeling that this judge, a very American person, has suddenly become something else. He will issue the injunction, and:

"If they do not obey it, I will *make* them."

He will *make* them. He will *make* them? I can understand that he can punish them, he can jail them, for not obeying the injunction. But if the refuse to obey the injunction, if they refuse to sign the order cancelling the strikeorder, how will he *make* them? Will he take a piece of paper and take their hands and *make* them sign? How? This seems an Oriental moment, with slaves appearing to bastinado Mr. Lewis till he obeys the law.

It is the end. The Government's lawyer is looking at the miners' lawyer and repressing a smile. He brings forward a suggested form of injunction. Its details are discussed and arranged. The chorus of citizens behind the rail and the public characters in front of it begin to buzz a bit. The defendants are quiet. The picture on the wall holds me again, and it makes me think back to one certain remark by this manifestly able and conscientious, even if dictatorial and violent, judge. He put it to the miners' lawyer with a contemptuous smile—not of contempt for the lawyer, but for the idea the lawyer had touched.

"What did you mean by all that about the Government not coming into court with clean hands?"

The miners' lawyer began a reply. But it did not go far, I began to try to finish it to myself.

I went over the long list of the Government's failures, since the armistice, to make the coal industry move one inch toward being a national service by the operators. I went over the Government's failures to make the coal industry a national service by or to anybody. I ended triumphantly.

Under what economic color then can the Government come into a court of equity to impose national service on the employees?

The argument died within me. In that room

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the Government could not fail in its economic duty. In that room the Government had no economic duty to fail in. In that room it was simply a political sovereign. In that room its economic hands could be as scarlet and its legal hands as snow.

I looked at the listening lady on the wall in her gloom, and I looked at the kneeling lady, and I gave a name to the kneeling lady. There was light painted streaming across her skirts as she knelt. I called her Outdoors. And I gave her some advice. She is wasting her time kneeling there. She is wasting her time kneeling in letters to statesmen dealing in platforms of principles purely political. She has to kneel, and rise from her knees, in her own economic self in the building with a dome at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Espionage Act Interpreted

Jacob Abrams et al., Plaintiffs in Error
vs.
The United States.

I.

The Majority Opinion

Mr. Justice Clarke delivered the opinion of the Court.

On a single indictment, containing four counts, the five plaintiffs in error, hereinafter designated the defendants, were convicted of conspiring to violate provisions of the Espionage Act of Congress (Sec. 3, Title I, of Act approved June 15, 1917, as amended May 16, 1918, 40 Stat. 553).

Each of the first three counts charged the defendants with conspiring, when the United States was at war with the Imperial Government of Germany, to unlawfully utter, print, write and publish: In the first count, "disloyal, scurrilous and abusive language about the form of government of the United States"; in the second count, language, "intended to bring the form of Government of the United States into contempt, scorn, contumely and disrepute"; and in the third count, language "intended to incite, provoke and encourage resistance to the United States in said war." The charge in the fourth count was that the defendants conspired "when the United States was at war with the Imperial German Government, . . . unlawfully and wilfully, by utterance, writing, printing and publication to urge, incite and advocate curtailment of production of things and products, to wit, ordnance and ammunition, necessary and essential to the prosecution of the war." The offenses were charged in the language of the Act of Congress.

It was charged in each count of the indictment that it was a part of the conspiracy that the defendants would attempt to accomplish their unlawful purpose by printing, writing and distributing in the City of New York many copies of a leaflet or circular, printed in the English language, and of another printed in the Yiddish language, copies of which, properly identified, were attached to the indictment.

All of the five defendants were born in Russia. They were intelligent, had considerable schooling, and at the time they were arrested they had lived in the United States terms varying from five to ten years, but none of them had supplied for naturalization. Four of them testified as witnesses in their own behalf and of these, three frankly avowed that they were "rebels," "revolutionists," "anarchists," that they did not believe in government in any form, and they declared that they had no interest whatever in the Government of the United States. The fourth defendant testified that he was a "socialist" and believed in "a proper kind of government, not capitalistic," but in his classification the Government of the United States was "capitalistic."

It was admitted on the trial that the defendants had united to print and distribute the described circulars and that five thousand of them had been printed and distributed about the 22d day of August, 1918. The group had a meeting place in New York City, in rooms rented by defendant Abrams, under an assumed name, and there the subject of printing the circulars was discussed about two weeks before the defendants were arrested. The defendant Abrams, although not a printer, on July 27, 1918, purchased the printing outfit with which the circulars were printed and installed it in a basement room where the work was done at night. The circulars were distributed some by throwing them from a window of a building where one of the defendants was employed, and others secretly, in New York City.

The defendants pleaded "Not Guilty," and the case of the Government consisted in showing the facts we have stated, and in introducing in evidence copies of the two printed circulars attached to the indictment, a sheet entitled "Revolutionists Unite for Action," written by the defendant Lipman, and found on him when he was arrested, and another paper, found at the headquarters of the group, and for which Abrams assumed responsibility.

Thus the conspiracy and the doing of the overt acts charged were largely admitted and were fully established.

On the record thus described it is argued, somewhat faintly, that the acts charged against the defendants were not unlawful because within the protection of that freedom of speech and of the press which is guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and that the entire Espionage Act is unconstitutional because in conflict with that amendment.

This contention is sufficiently discussed and is definitely negative in Schenck v. United States and Baer v. United States, 249 U. S. 47; and in Frohwerk v. United States, 249 U. S. 204.

The claim chiefly elaborated upon by the defendants in the oral argument and in their brief is that there is no substantial evidence in the record to support the judgment upon the verdict of guilty and that the motion of the defendants for an instructed verdict in their favor was erroneously denied. A question of law is thus presented, which calls for an examination of the record, not for the purpose of weighing conflicting testimony, but only to

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determine whether there was some evidence, competent and substantial, before the jury, fairly tending to sustain the verdict. Troxell, Administrator, v. Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. Co., 227 U. S. 434, 442; Lancaster v. Collins, 115 U. S. 222, 225; Chicago & North Western Ry. Co. v. Ohle, 117 U. S. 123, 129. We shall not need to consider the sufficiency, under the rule just stated, of the evidence introduced as to all of the counts of the indictment, for, since the sentence imposed did not exceed that which might lawfully have been imposed under any single count, the judgment upon the verdict of the jury must be affirmed if the evidence is sufficient to sustain any one of the counts. Evans v. United States, 153 U. S. 608; Claassen v. United States, 142 U. S. 140; Debs v. United States, 249 U. S. 211, 216.

The first of the two articles attached to the indictment is conspicuously headed, "The Hypocrisy of the United States and her Allies." After denouncing President Wilson as a hypocrite and a coward because troops were sent into Russia, it proceeds to assail our Government in general, saying:

"His (the President's) shameful, cowardly silence about the intervention in Russia reveals the hypocrisy of the plutocratic gang in Washington and vicinity."

It continues:

"He (the President) is too much of a coward to come out openly and say: 'We capitalistic nations cannot afford to have a proletarian republic in Russia.'"

Among the capitalistic nations Abrams testified the United States was included.

Growing more inflammatory as it proceeds, the circular culminates in:

"The Russian Revolution cries: Workers of the World! Awake! Rise! Put down your enemy and mine!"

"Yes, friends, there is only one enemy of the workers of the world and that is CAPITALISM."

This is clearly an appeal to the "workers" of this country to arise and put down by force the Government of the United States which they characterize as their "hypocritical," "cowardly" and "capitalistic" enemy.

It concludes:

"Awake! Awake, you Workers of the World!"

"REVOLUTIONISTS."

The second of the articles was printed in the Yiddish language and in the translation is headed, "Workers—Wake up." After referring to "his Majesty, Mr. Wilson, and the rest of the gang; dogs of all colors!" it continues:

"Workers, Russian emigrants, you who had the least belief in the honesty of *our* Government,"

which defendants admitted referred to the United States Government,

"must now throw away all confidence, must spit in the face of the false, hypocritic, military propaganda which has fooled you so relentlessly, calling forth your sympathy, your help, to the prosecution of the war."

The purpose of this obviously was to persuade the persons to whom it was addressed to turn a deaf ear to patriotic appeals in behalf of the Government of the United States, and to cease to render it assistance in the prosecution of the war.

It goes on:

"With the money which you have loaned, or are going to loan them, they will make bullets not only for the Germans, but also for the Workers Soviets of Russia. *Workers in the ammunition factories, You are producing bullets, bayonts, cannon, to murder not only the Germans, but also your dearest, best, who are in Russia and are fighting for freedom.*"

It will not do to say, as is now argued, that the only intent of these defendants was to prevent injury to the Russian cause. Men must be held to have intended, and to be accountable for, the effects which their acts were likely to produce. Even if their primary purpose and intent was to aid the cause of the Russian Revolution, the plan of action which they adopted necessarily involved, before it could be realized, defeat of the war program of the United States, for the obvious effect of this appeal, if it should become effective, as they hoped it might, would be to persuade persons of character such as those whom they regarded themselves as addressing, not to aid Government loans and not to work in ammunition factories, where their work would produce "bullets, bayonets, cannon" and other munitions of war, the use of which would cause the "murder" of Germans and Russians.

Again, the spirit becomes more bitter as it proceeds to declare that

"America and her Allies have betrayed (the Workers.) Their robberish aims are clear to all men. The destruction of the Russian Revolution, that is the politics of the march to Russia.

"Workers, our reply to the barbaric intervention has to be a general strike! An open challenge only will let the government know that not only the Russian Worker fights for freedom, but also *here in America lives the spirit of Revolution.*"

This is not an attempt to bring about a change of administration by candid discussion, for no matter what may have incited the outbreak on the part of the defendant anarchists, the manifest purpose of such a publication was to create an attempt to defeat the war plans of the Government of the United States, by bringing upon the country the paralysis of a general strike, thereby arresting the production of all munitions and other things essential to the conduct of the war.

This purpose is emphasized in the next paragraph, which reads:

"Do not let the Government scare you with their wild punishment in prisons, hanging and shooting. We must not and will not betray the splendid fighters of Russia. *Workers, up to fight.*"

After more of the same kind, the circular concludes:

"Woe unto those who will be in the way of progress. Let solidarity live!"

It is signed, "The Rebels."

That the interpretation we have put upon these articles, circulated in the greatest port of our land, from which great numbers of soldiers were at the time taking ship daily, and in which great quantities of war supplies of every kind were at the time being manufactured for transportation overseas, is not only the fair interpretation of them, but that it is the meaning which their authors consciously intended should be conveyed by them to others is further shown by the additional writings found in the meeting place of the defendant group and on the person of one of them. One of these circulars is headed: "Revolutionists! Unite for Action!"

After denouncing the President as "Our Kaiser" and

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the hypocrisy of the United States and her Allies, this article concludes:

"Socialists, Anarchists, Industrial Workers of the World, Socialists, Labor party men and other revolutionary organizations *Unite for action* and let us save the Workers' Republic of Russia!

"Know you lovers of freedom that in order to save the Russian revolution, we must keep the armies of the allied countries busy at home."

Thus was again avowed the purpose to throw the country into a state of revolution if possible and to thereby frustrate the military program of the Government.

The remaining article, after denouncing the President for what is characterized as hostility to the Russian revolution, continues:

"We, the toilers of America, who believe in real liberty, shall *pledge ourselves,* in case the United States will participate in that bloody conspiracy against Russia, *to create so great a disturbance that autocrats of America shall be compelled to keep their armies at home, and not be able to spare any for Russia."*

It concludes with this definite threat of armed rebellion: "If they will use arms against the Russian people to enforce their standard of order, *so will we use arms,* and they shall never see the ruin of the Russian Revolution."

These excerpts sufficiently show, that while the immediate occasion for this particular outbreak of lawlessness, on the part of the defendant alien anarchists, may have been resentment caused by our Government sending troops into Russia as a strategic operation against the Germans on the eastern battle front, yet the plain purpose of their propaganda was to excite, at the supreme crisis of the war, disaffection, sedition, riots, and, as they hoped, revolution, in this country for the purpose of embarrassing and if possible defeating the military plans of the Government in Europe. A technical distinction may perhaps be taken between disloyal and abusive language applied to the *form* of our government or language intended to bring the *form* of our government into contempt and disrepute, and language of like character and intended to produce like results directed against the President and Congress, the agencies through which that form of government must function in time of war. But it is not necessary to a decision of this case to consider whether such distinction is vital or merely formal, for the language of these circulars was obviously intended to provoke and to encourage resistance to the United States in the war, as the third count runs, and, the defendants, in terms, plainly urged and advocated a resort to a general strike of workers in ammunition factories for the purpose of curtailing the production of ordnance and munitions necessary and essential to the prosecution of the war as is charged in the fourth count. Thus it is clear not only that some evidence but that much persuasive evidence was before the jury tending to prove that the defendants were guilty as charged in both the third and fourth counts of the indictment and under the long established rule of law hereinbefore stated the judgment of the District Court must be

A true copy. *Affirmed:*

Test: *Clerk Supreme Court, U. S.*

November 10, 1919.

II.

The Minority Opinion

Mr. Justice Holmes, dissenting.

This indictment is founded wholly upon the publication of two leaflets which I shall describe in a moment. The first count charges a conspiracy pending the war with Germany to publish abusive language about the form of government of the United States, laying the preparation and publishing of the first leaflet as overt acts. The second count charges a conspiracy pending the war to publish language intended to bring the form of government into contempt, laying the preparation and publishing of the two leaflets as overt acts. The third count alleges a conspiracy to encourage resistance to the United States in the same war and to attempt to effectuate the purpose by publishing the same leaflets. The fourth count lays a conspiracy to incite curtailment of production of things necessary to the prosecution of the war and to attempt to accomplish it by publishing the second leaflet to which I have referred.

The first of these leaflets says that the President's cowardly silence about the intervention in Russia reveals the hypocrisy of the plutocratic gang in Washington. It intimates that "German militarism combined with Allied capitalism to crush the Russian revolution"—goes on that the tyrants of the world fight each other until they see a common enemy—working class enlightenment—when they combine to crush it; and that now militarism and capitalism combined, though not openly, to crush the Russian revolution. It says that there is only one enemy of the workers of the world and that is capitalism; that it is a crime for workers of America, to fight the workers' republic of Russia, and ends "Awake! Awake, you workers of the world! Revolutionists." A note adds, "It is absurd to call us pro-German. We hate and despise German militarism more than do you hypocritical tyrants. We have more reason for denouncing German militarism than has the coward of the White House."

The other leaflet, headed "Workers, Wake Up," with abusive language says that America, together with the Allies, will march for Russia to help the Czecko-Slovaks in their struggle against the Bolsheviki, and that this time the hypocrites shall not fool the Russian emigrants and friends of Russia in America. It tells the Russian emigrants that they now must spit in the face of the false military propaganda by which their sympathy and help to the prosecution of the war have been called forth and says that with the money they have lent or are going to lend, "they will make bullets not only for the Germans, but also for the worker soviets of Russia," and further, "Workers in the ammunition factories, you are producing bullets, bayonets, cannon to murder not only the Germans, but also your dearest, best, who are in Russia fighting for freedom." It then appeals to the same Russian emigrants at some length not to consent to the "inquisitionary expedition in Russia," and says that the destruction of the Russian revolution is "the politics of the march on Russia." The leaflet winds up by saying, "Workers, our reply to this barbaric intervention has to be a general strike!" and after a few words on the spirit of revolution, exhortations not to be afraid, and some usual tall talk ends "Woe unto those who will be in the way of progress. Let solidarity live! The Rebels."

No argument seems to me necessary to show that these pronunciamentos in no way attack the form of government

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of the United States, or that they do not support either of the first two counts. What little I have to say about the third count may be postponed until I have considered the fourth. With regard to that it seems too plain to be denied that the suggestion to workers in the ammunition factories that they are producing bullets to murder their dearest, and the further advocacy of a general strike, both in the second leaflet, do urge curtailment of production of things necessary to the prosecution of the war within the meaning of the Act of May 16, 1918, c. 75, 40 Stat. 553, amending §3 of the earlier Act of 1917. But to make the conduct criminal that statute requires that it should be "with intent by such curtailment to cripple or hinder the United States in the prosecution of the war." It seems to me that no such intent is proved.

I am aware, of course, that the word, intent, as vaguely used in ordinary legal discussion means no more than knowledge at the time of the act that the consequences said to be intended will ensue. Even less than that will satisfy the general principle of civil and criminal liability. A man may have to pay damages, may be sent to prison, at common law might be hanged, if at the time of his act he knew facts from which common experience showed that the consequences would follow whether he individually could foresee them or not. But, when words are used exactly, a deed is not done with intent to produce a consequence unless that consequence is the aim of the deed. It may be obvious, and obvious to the actor, that the consequence will follow, and he may be liable for it even if he regrets it, but he does not do the act with intent to produce it unless the aim to produce it is the proximate motive of the specific act, although there may be some deeper motive behind.

It seems to me that this statute must be taken to use its words in a strict and accurate sense. They would be absurd in any other. A patriot might think that we were wasting money on aeroplanes, or making more cannon of a certain kind than we needed, and might advocate curtailment with success, yet even if it turned out that the curtailment hindered the United States in the prosecution of the war, no one would hold such conduct a crime. I admit that my illustration does not answer all that might be said, but it is enough to show what I think and to let me pass to a more important aspect of the case. I refer to the First Amendment to the Constitution that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech.

I never have seen any reason to doubt that the questions of law that alone were before this Court in the cases of Schenck, Frohwerk and Debs, 249 U. S. 47; 121; 129, were rightly decided. I do not doubt for a moment that by the same reasoning that would justify punishing persuasion to murder, the United States constitutionally may punish speech that produces a clear and imminent danger that it will bring about forthwith certain substantive evils that the United States constitutionally may seek to prevent. The power undoubtedly is greater in time of war than in time of peace because war opens dangers that do not exist at other times.

But as against dangers peculiar to war, as against others, the principle of the right to free speech is always the same. It is only the present danger of immediate evil or an intent to bring it about that warrants Congress in setting a limit to the expression of opinion where private rights are not concerned. Congress certainly cannot forbid all effort to change the mind of the country. Now nobody can suppose that the surreptitious publishing of a silly leaflet by an unknown man, without more, would present any immediate danger that its opinions would hinder the success of the government arms or have any appreciable tendency to do so. Publishing those opinions for the very purpose of obstructing, however, might indicate a greater danger and at any rate would have the quality of an attempt. So I assume that the second leaflet if published for the purposes alleged in the fourth count might be punishable. But it seems pretty clear to me that nothing less than that would bring these papers within the scope of this law. An actual intent in the sense that I have explained is necessary to constitute an attempt, where a further act of the same individual is required to complete the substantive crime, for reasons given in Swift & Co., v. United States, 196 U. S. 375, 396. It is necessary where the success of the attempt depends upon others because if that intent is not present the actor's aim may be accomplished without bringing about the evils sought to be checked. An intent to prevent interference with the revolution in Russia might have been satisfied without any hindrance to carrying on the war in which we were engaged.

I do not see how anyone can find the intent required by the statute in any of the defendant's words. The second leaflet is the only one that affords even a foundation for the charge, and there, without invoking the hatred of German militarism expressed in the former one, it is evident from the beginning to the end that the only object of the paper is to help Russia and stop American intervention there against the popular government—not to impede the United States in the war that it was carrying on. To say that two phrases taken literally might import a suggestion of conduct that would have interference with the war as an indirect and probably undesired effect seems to me by no means enough to show an attempt to produce that effect.

I return for a moment to the third count. That charges an intent to provoke resistance to the United States in its war with Germany. Taking the clause in the statute that deals with that in connection with the other elaborate provisions of the Act, I think that resistance to the United States means some forcible act of opposition to some proceeding of the United States in pursuance of the war. I think the intent must be the specific intent that I have described and for the reasons that I have given I think that no such intent was proved or existed in fact. I also think that there is no hint at resistance to the United States as I construe the phrase.

In this case sentences of twenty years imprisonment have been imposed for the publishing of two leaflets that I believe the defendants had as much right to publish as the Government has to publish the Constitution of the United States now vainly invoked by them. Even if I am technically wrong and enough can be squeezed from these poor and puny anonymities to turn the color of legal litmus paper; I will add, even if what I think the necessary intent were shown; the most nominal punishment seems to me all that possibly could be inflicted, unless the defendants are to be made to suffer not for what the indictment alleges, but for the creed that they avow—a creed that I believe to be the creed of ignorance and immaturity when honestly held, as I see no reason to doubt that it was held here, but which, although made the subject of examination at the trial, no one has a right

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to consider in dealing with the charges before the Court.

Persecution for the expression of opinions seems to me perfectly logical. If you have no doubt of your premises or your power and want a certain result with all your heart you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition. To allow opposition by speech seems to indicate that you think the speech impotent, as when a man says that he has squared the circle, or that you do not care whole heartedly for the result, or that you doubt either your power or your premises. But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be ternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country. I wholly disagree with the arguments of the Government that the First Amendment left the common law as to seditious libel in force. History seems to me against the notion. I had conceived that the United States through many years had shown its repentance for the Sedition act of 1798, by repaying fines that it imposed. Only the emergency that makes it immediately dangerous to leave the correction of evil counsels to time warrants making any exception to the sweeping command, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech." Of course, I am speaking only of expressions of opinion and exhortations, which were all that were uttered here. In their conviction upon this indictment the defendants suffered a great wrong. Mr. Justice Brandeis concurs in this opinion.

CORRESPONDENCE

War

SIR: Let me say Amen to the last two paragraphs of William O. P. Morgan's article in the October 1st issue. I am one of many thousands of the A. E. F. who share Morgan's disillusion and anger. A fraction of the incalculable price that was paid for a new dispensation and diverted to imperial gain by the cynical minority was paid in my wards from September 1917 to November 11th, 1918. During those fourteen months of hospital work in French and American base hospitals and at the front in Mobile Hospital 39 it often seemed to me that the agony of one gunshot wound were too high a price to pay for paradise. But I charged the sum of this grievous suffering to the parturition of a new order. All this will be redeemed in time, I told myself.

At eleven o'clock on the eleventh of November last I stood on a hillside near Chaillon-en-Woevre listening to the diminuendo of the barrage. As the minute hand of my Ingersoll crept past the hour the scattering of èclats broke down into voluble silence and the impulse was strong to go down on my knees and thank God. That evening the boys in my tent smuggled in a demijohn of vin rouge. They were my good friends and I had always drunk my share with them, but that night I had to shirk. I was suddenly heavy with the memory of all the deaths and all the suffering I had witnessed through those long months. I could not forget the price that had been paid for victory.

The severest experience of the war has been the post-war disillusion. Day by day, in the midst of complacency, seeing the treasury of blood and agony expended for a new imperial order in Europe, the gratitude and the hope of Armistice Day have died a slow death. Toupinyé's huge wound—his entire rump was blown off in a mine explosion at Verdun, the flesh was raw after six months and he was paralyzed from the waist down—has bought a hectare of Ukrainian Galicia for the new Polish Empire perhaps. Margouille's shrapnel wounds in the face and the left knee have purchased land in Bessarabia for the Rumanian governing minority. Little Jo Johnson's gas gangrene wound in the forearm—you could see through from anterior to exterior aspect, so large was the debridgement of muscle tissue—has bought a few bushels of Saar coal for the French haute-bourgeoisie, and William Smotherman's unspeakable agony—he had to be chloroformed whenever his compound comminuted fracture of the femur was dressed and even then screamed like a tortured animal—is so much small change to buy ammunition for a monarchist adventurer in Siberia or in the Ukraine.

But these men and their millions of companions in torment may have been duped once too often. "This is the last war I will ever enter," says Morgan. Amen! And I would change his text without perhaps changing his meaning:—"There is only one other war that I shall ever enter."

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The Carnegie Foundation

SIR: In most of the recent discussions of the Carnegie Foundation for Teaching, it has been asserted that the Trustees of the Foundation were much at fault in not foreseeing that an endowment of ten or fifteen millions would fall short of supporting their ambitious plans.

As an original member of the Board, I feel impelled to say that this criticism is quite unjust. I was one of several who at the time took this problem to Mr. Carnegie. He assured me, as he assured others, that we need not worry over this, as the sum he hoped to leave for public use would be wholly adequate to meet any such demand. And this is, apparently, in fact, the case. The interest on the amounts devoted to the general endowment intended primarily to support the various institutions and foundations bearing his name is apparently wholly adequate to continue them all on the basis on which they started.

I may further add, that the plea of inadequate funds has not been made, so far as I know by the Trustees of the Foundation. The reasons assigned for the change in method and scope are not financial. Moreover, if funds for pension purpose were inadequate it would have been quite possible to continue the system after excluding from its benefits institutions having, for example, an income of more than a million dollars. The value of the pension system could have been secured to the colleges, the professors in which institutions have especially suffered from the inadequacy of endowments to meet the demands made upon them.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Leland Stanford University, California.

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The press of the country is at loggerheads on this book—some praise it without stint, others dislike it and condemn it roundly. Read it yourself and decide where you stand. The New York Sun calls it "the greatest addition to that literature of personal records that we call human documents that we have seen in this generation." Certainly a frank self-probing of the spiritual, moral, and physical relationship between a man and his wife. $1.50

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By THEODORE DREISER

This book, which is Mr. Dreiser's favorite of the dozen or more he has written, should be on the shelves of all New Republic readers. Its increasing sales are not a surprise to those who have already read the book. $1.75

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Part Two

THE SEASON'S BOOKS

Fiction

MR. Dreiser's novel The Bulwark has been put off till 1920. This takes away one of the interesting prospects of fall fiction. But Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, Linda Condon, (Knopf), is an excellent example of art-and-artifice, with the great merit of employing suggestion rather than statement for the New York career of a beautiful girl. Dr. Harry Marks's novel Peter Middleton, (Badger), is a studiously objective tale with an intensity of interest that grows on the reader in spite of the author's crudity. Mr. James Branch Cabell has a new novel, Jurgen, (McBride), which the advertisement warns us is not merely vastly entertaining but "a penetrating satire upon man's eternal search for unattainable things." It is dedicated to the Chicago critic, Burton Rascoe.

Henry B. Fuller of Chicago has written another novel—Bertram Cope's Year, (Seymour, Chicago). Cope is Youth, a 24-year old instructor on the campus of, perhaps, Northwestern University, viewed with jealous interest by "a few older ones who would be young a little longer." The Iron City, by M. H. Hedges, (Boni and Liveright), is a novel by, rather than about, Youth. Its hero is a young professor of sociology who is keyed up to much more purposeful existence than Mr. Fuller's youth.

The Great Desire, by Alexander Black, (Harpers), has been put forward most sympathetically by W. D. Howells —"not only a decent book, in spite of its newspaper familiarity with fact, but it is fragrant with the sweetness of the country nature which holds our largest and wickedest city in its arms." The word "fragrant" may be taken as a promise or a threat. Ellen Glasgow has written her first novel in some years, The Builders, (Doubleday, Page). So has Mrs. Deland, The Promises of Alice, (Harpers). And so has Alice Brown—The Black Drop (Macmillan). All fragrant.

Less fragrant is the autobiography of a prostitute, called Madeleine, by Anita Gordon, (Harpers). This is meant to be fact but Anita Gordon is the kind of woman so saturated in conventional romanticization that she romanticizes her own squalid experiences.

From England has come John Galsworthy's Saint's Progress, (Scribners). Arnold Bennett has only his play, Judith, and H. G. Wells is giving all his time (and the time of two secretaries) to getting out his History of the World in a single volume. Until that work is completed (in 300,000 words or less) Mr. Wells is unlikely to write more than one or two novels.

Joseph Conrad is announced to have a story, The Inheritors, (Doubleday, Page). Somerset Maugham's novel, The Moon and Sixpence, (Doran), is apparently based on the career of the French artist Gauguin and is rather defiantly anti-humane. Stephen McKenna's Sonia Married, (Doran), has not created quite as much excitement as Sonia—in this respect being the counterpart of Compton Mackenzie's recent sequel to Sylvia Scarlett, called Sylvia and Michael, (Harper). A new English novelist, Douglas Goldring, gives up his books on European travel to turn out The Fortune, (Scott & Seltzer), in which the war is presented from the standpoint of a pro-Irish, anti-herd Englishman. Something of the same feeling about the herd or crowd is to be found in Gilbert Cannan's Pink Roses, (Doran), luckily a quick successor to his thin novel Mummery, (Doran). Mr. Cannan, by the way, has another volume this season, entitled The Anatomy of Society, (Dutton). It is practically a sequel to his book on freedom and expresses in a most serious spirit his aspirations and fears concerning social institutions.

Henri Barbusse has had Clarté translated under the title Light, (Dutton). Latzko has produced The Judgment of Peace, (Boni & Liveright). Romain Rolland has gone back to "happy" mediaeval France for Colas Breugnon, (Holt), and Ibáñez has another modern novel in and about German submarines, Mare Nostrum, (Dutton). The Face of the World, by Johan Bojer, (Moffat, Yard), is a reminder of Bojer's success last year, The Great Hunger. The admirable point about all these publications is the fact that translations are no longer so shunned by American publishers. The translated novel, after all, may easily sell 3,000 copies, enough to pay for itself. And also to pay the translator? That is another story. No street-car conductor or bootblack or hat-boy is so poorly rewarded as a translator. It is only as a labor of love that such a book as Couperus's Ecstasy, (Dodd, Mead), is put into English, or such work accomplished as Macmillan's edition of Chekhov, which is still being issued. But translators can't expect too much. Bootblacks have not quite so much fun polishing shoes as translators have polishing sentences.

Huebsch is re-publishing Clarence Darrow's famed novel, Farmington. Harpers have brought out Harvey O'Higgins's remarkable studies From the Life. The first novel to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Howe is Free Air, by Sinclair Lewis.

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There are, in addition, new novels by Zangwill, Phillpotts, Jerome K. Jerome, W. B. Maxwell, Archibald Marshall, Atherton, and Hugh Walpole. The Hugh Walpole book, Jeremy, (Doran), sounds like an inviting story of childhood. But not, of course, anything like the childhoodness of The Visiters, by Daisy Ashford.

Poetry

THE poetry of the season is both varied and important: the established and the near-established contribute to it, with those who blow a challenge for the first time; the volumes by the established poets are notable, and the first books have more than promise.

Herbert Trench appears with all the prestige of a collected edition (E. P. Dutton & Co.) This poet is nearest to Meredith in succession, and although there is no poem in the collection that is as brilliant as the Nuptials of Attila, or as full of charm as Love in the Valley, still there is in his poems a spaciousness, a concentration of thought that leaves him near Meredith in our minds. Milo, one of the new poems, for instance, has the aloofness and the spaciousness of a myth. It is one of the most memorable poems of the war. Herbert Trench's well-known poems are here: Apollo and the Seaman, Deirdre Wedded, and the haunting Irish poem Killary. Those who may be a little tired of the restlessness of modern poetry will find something solacing in these poems that are stamped with a full comprehension of a great tradition.

In Reynard the Fox (The Macmillan Co.) John Masefield has bettered a reputation that he won with The Everlasting Mercy and Dauber—the reputation for being able to write a narrative poem that has suspense and variety of interest. Reynard the Fox is as long as a short novel—it is a poem of 165 pages in the measure of The Everlasting Mercy. It is a brilliant achievement. The characters, the landscape, the talk, and the doings have a racial tang. It is England of any century (the reference to one of the huntsmen's reading of de Heredia's sonnets makes quite an arbitrary date). It is Langland's Field of Folk, or better still, it is a new Canterbury Pilgrimage, with the pilgrims off the road and across the heath.

In The Floating World (The Macmillan Co.) Amy Lowell has shown us again that she can make a thick volume of verse as entertaining as a book of pictures. She makes pictures in verse again and again, and all her pictures are invested with a touch of human passion or fantasy. One poem in the book is poignant; it is the poem called Frimaire. The last sections of the book contain very vigorous and very picturesque poems, and the two earlier sections, the Japanese Lacquer Prints and the Chinese Chinoiseries, have the charm of curious flowers: they derive from the orient in a double way, for while influenced by oriental pictures and oriental legends, some are in the brief form adapted from the Japanese, the hokku.

To turn from Amy Lowell's Chinoiseries to Eunice Tietjens' Profiles from China (Knopf) is like turning from a curious decoration to a startling reality. Mrs. Tietjens has assuredly been startled by China: she has mastered her sense of shock and she has become stealthy in her approach to the object of the shock, but the startled note remains and goes to make what she has to say very arresting. What she has done is remarkable, and one will remember her Cormorants, her Story-teller, her Feast, when one has forgotten hundreds of more soothing and more charming pictures. Body and Raiment (Knopf) is another short book that Mrs. Tietjens has just published. In all the poems in it, personal and translated, one gets a sense of something quite original; of an eager rendering of some strange adventure.

James Oppenheim's The Solitary (B. W. Huebsch) is a collection that has the rhythm of the biblical poems: it gives one a sense of a world in surge; to the sounding of that surge one walks, chanting of democracy and the revolution, and of the passing of races and the birth of new powers. It is a book that has the loneliness, the hard-won exultation, the acrid freedom that comes to one who has brought his life down to the sea.

Very different in its spirit of gregariousness is the volume that bears the title Poems: First Series (Knopf). It is by J. C. Squire who is well-known both as a critic and a parodist. This collection contains one of the most poignant poems of the war, The March. Poems, First Series, however, is a book quite aloof from the war: it is a book of poems of contentment where the poet puts beauty into an empty chair, on a bare roof, around a friend's dog. He is one who can look on an ordinary thing—

> Long enough to feel its unconscious, calm assault
> The strength of it, the word, the royal heart of it.

These are poems that would win praise from Gilbert Chesterton and would have delighted Joyce Kilmer.

The Cobbler in Willow Street by George O'Neil (Boni and Liveright) is a first book, and a very pleasant book it is, a book of melody and simple and joyous emotion, a book that in many ways recalls the poetry of Francis Ledwidge. The poems are youthful, and they say again many things that have been said before. But it has one clear thing in its favor—fresh-eyed vision and glad-heartedness.

Edgar Lee Masters' new volume Starved Rock (The Macmillan Co.) is a surer book than any that that most prolific of poets has published since The Spoon River Anthology. One can read the most out-of-the-way piece in this collection without any feeling that a mistake has been made—a feeling that one sometimes had in reading Songs and Satires, Towards the Gulf, the Great Valley. This is a volume that shows that the poet of Spoon River is not a one-book poet; in it there is a sense of life being lived and creation being accomplished. It is worthy of note that in Edgar Lee Masters' latest book the irregular forms are sparingly used; the bulk of poems being rhymed and in regular verse-forms.

Two other books, of which we have as yet only the bare announcement, are The Golden Whales of California by Vachel Lindsay (The Macmillan Co.) and The House of Dust by Conrad Aiken (The Four Seas Co.).

Belles Lettres

ONE of the late publications this fall will be the two-volume Letters of Henry James, edited by Percy Lubbock, (Scribners). Another belated Scribner publication is Lady Butcher's Memoir of George Meredith.

In criticism pointed and personal there are a few marked volumes. The point is soon blunted by theory in Professor Babbitt's Rousseau and Romanticism, but Mr. H. L. Mencken is never theoretical in his Prejudices. This volume is uproarious about Thorstein Veblen, we are told, "but when confronted by a genuine talent he is sensitive in praise"; hence, it is named Prejudices. Mr. Ernest Boyd gives the milder title of Preferences to his essays on modern French writers. Mr. Boyd is one of the quietest of Irish critics but also one of the best equipped and most sensible. A similar remark might be made of the English critic Ernest Newman whose Musical Motley is to be

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published by Lane. Lane also announces books from the slashing Austin Harrison, Before and Now, and from the otiose G. K. Chesterton, The Superstition of Divorce.

Among other collected papers are Steeplejack, by the perennial James Huncker, (Scribners), the charming Old and New Masters, literary essays by Robert Lynd, (Scribners), Modes and Morals, by Mrs. Gerould, (Scribners), Comedians All, theatrical observations by the keen George Jean Nathan, (Knopf), and Books in General, Solomon Eagle's causeries from the New Statesman.

Rather more philosophical in character is Conrad Aiken's aesthetic volume, The Ivory Tower, (Knopf), one of the few recent American contributions to literary theory.

The theatre is not overlooked in the autumn publications. Besides Mr. Nathan's book there is Gordon Craig's volume, The Theatre Advancing, (Little, Brown), The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution, by Oliver M. Sayler, (Little, Brown), and The Theatre Through Its Stage Door, by the prime theatrician David Belasco, (Harpers). Contemporary Drama of Italy, by Lander MacClintock, (Little, Brown), is another related volume. So is the much-illustrated Book of Marionettes, by Helen Haiman Joseph, (B. W. Huebsch).

Mr. Olgin is publishing A Guide to Russian Literature, through the new firm of Harcourt, Brace and Howe. This is pretty certain to be valuable to American students of the Russian people. Of similar social interest should be Mr. Sayler's book noted above. Quite directly social is The Philosophy of Conflict and Other War-Time Essays, by the distinguished Havelock Ellis, (Houghton Mifflin). Even more plainly related to the war are the Untimely Papers of the late Randolph Bourne, (Huebsch). The war is only incidental to Our America, by Waldo Frank, (Boni and Liveright). This is largely an aesthetic survey of the United States by a man who has nothing in common either with W. W. Ellsworth who writes A Golden Age of Authors—and publisher's reminiscences, (Houghton Mifflin), or with Edmund Gosse, who produces Some Diversions of a Man of Letters, (Scribners).

Harpers have announced a book by Woodrow Wilson called The Triumph of Ideals.

Biology and Anthropology

NOTWITHSTANDING his pugnacity and onesidedness Professor Karl Pearson ranks as one of the foremost continuators of the great Victorian tradition in science, and anything from his pen addressed to a larger audience merits attention. Accordingly his latest pamphlets, National Life from the Standpoint of Science and The Function of Science in the Modern State (both from the Cambridge University Press), in which he once more preaches the necessity of breeding from good stock and outlines a novel scheme of education, are worthy of serious consideration. As to general biological treatises there is hardly any quite recent work to supplant Lull's broad-gauge Organic Evolution (Macmillan), but on a humbler plane Dr. B. C. Gruenberg's Elementary Biology (Ginn & Co.), though primarily designed for high-schools, is likely to have a wide appeal since the author has wisely emphasized the dynamic aspect of biological phenomena and skilfully correlates scientific principles with matters of daily interest. His elementary presentation of Mendelian inheritance will doubtless be welcome to many readers. A charming set of feuilletons originally contributed to The New Statesman are assembled in permanent form in Professor J. Arthur Thomson's Secrets of Animal Life (Henry Holt). Professor Thomson, a student of Haeckel's and a follower of Weismann's, is a thoroughly competent zoologist, whose outstanding trait is that sobriety of judgment so eminently characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon savant. The subjects discussed in this volume range all the way from descriptive topics of natural history, such as the antics of Amazon Ants, to the moot-problems of evolution and eugenics. Professor Thomson's method of treatment places him in the front rank of contemporaneous popularizers.

Professor G. Elliot Smith is an eminent anatomist, but in The Evolution of the Dragon (Longmans, Green & Co.) he brings to bear the Manchesterian theory of cultural growth on certain widespread mythical and religious conceptions. The very dogmatism of his dicta serves to bring out with greater clearness the principles of his school, which refuses to admit that any invention, however simple, could have been repeated independently. Dr. Frederick Schleiter's Religion and Culture (Columbia University Press) is likewise interesting mainly from the point of view of method. It does not discuss at all the subject suggested by the title but gives for those already somewhat conversant with anthropological data and theory a clear exposition and critique of certain theoretical views, more particularly of the relatively recent theory of convergence. On the contrary, Wilson D. Wallis's Messiah: Christian and Pagan (Badger) is surcharged with concrete material of great and perennial interest, to which is added a rather summary and loosely correlated interpretative section. Dr. W. H. R. Rivers occupies a unique position among anthropologists by virtue of a combination of medical training, psycho-analytic experience and intensive ethnographic field-work. His Rylands lectures on Mind and Medicine and Dreams and Primitive Culture (Longmans, Green & Co.) reflect his unusually wide range of interests and make suggestive reading for those attracted by the development of psycho-analytic thinking. To the ever growing number of people interested in American Indian folklore may be recommended two bulky collections,—Jeremiah Curtin and J. N. B. Hewitt's Seneca Fiction, Legends and Myths (32nd Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology); and the late William Jones's Ojibwa Texts, edited by Truman Michelson (G. E. Stechert & Co.). The reported death of Professor Josepf Kohler, that indefatigable protagonist of comparative jurisprudence, recalls the recent labors of American students in the same field. The three-volume source book on the Evolution of Law (Little, Brown & Co.) prepared under the editorship of Professors Albert Kocourek and John H. Wigmore has been completed; and the same publishing firm has been issuing an impressive Continental Legal History Series, of which Professor F. S. Philbrick's scholarly translation of Huebner's History of Germanic Private Law may be cited as representative. In ethnography the output has of late been meager. Miss M. A. Czaplicka's book on The Turks of Central Asia in History and at the Present Day (Oxford University Press) is a queer mixture of valuable ethnological and archeological material with war-bred political fancies. Finally may be mentioned a popular and amply illustrated handbook on The Peoples of the Philippines (American Museum Press) by Professor A. L. Kroeber. The author gives a brief but fascinating sketch of the customs and arts of the aborigines, revealing the genuinely indigenous culture of the Islands, when disengaged from the successive accretions of Hinduism, Islam, and Christianity.

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Russia

FOR the convenience of those who want books about Russia the Fall publications may be divided into two groups. There are the diaries—which, in the case of Russia, are usually more than plain narrative. And then there are the more analytical studies of the Soviet Republic and of its relations to the rest of the world. Writers who have attempted the latter sort of book include critics from several nations with widely different points of view. In the Russian Pendulum (Macmillan), Arthur Bullard pictures Bolshevism as an episode in a greater revolution. The pendulum has swung past Kerenski to Lenin, and in Mr. Bullard's judgment it is due soon to fall again. Russia's Ruin (Scribner's) is an account of the Revolution written by a former correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph at Petrograd, E. H. Wilcox. Another record of the course of events since the abdication of the Tsar is The History of the Russian Revolution (Macmillan) written by Mrs. Harold Williams, whose husband is the indefatigable propagandist of General Denikin, K. C. B. Two Americans who differ sharply from the conclusions of Arthur Bullard are John Reed and Albert Rhys Williams. In The Sweep of the Russian Revolution (Boni and Liveright), Mr. Reed brings his earlier record up to date, and adds an appendix—"What Is Bolshevism?" Mr. Williams' new book is an account of Lenin: The Man and His Work (Scott and Seltzer). To the author's impressions are added an interview which William Hard had with Raymond Robins on the subject of Lenin, and a chapter on Lenin from Arthur Ransome's book. From a European viewpoint there are two studies of Soviet Russia: one by a French critic, Etienne Antonelli — Bolshevik Russia (Knopf)—and one by a leader of the Belgian Socialists, Emile Vandervelde—Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution (Scribner's). As an introduction to Allied policy in Russia, B. W. Huebsch has brought out in book form the testimony of William C. Bullitt before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, under the title of The Bullitt Mission to Russia.

Of diaries about Russia there is a wide assortment. Viewpoints vary from that of the American reformer to the very different one of the bona fide Russian princess. Raymond Robins' Own Story (Harper and Brothers) is perhaps the one account which (for the period it covers) is least based upon hearsay and prejudgment, and most upon contact with what happened. The Russian Diary of an Englishman (McBride) is the anonymous story of a writer who (say his publishers) might be called "an unofficial diplomat." An American newspaper correspondent, Oliver M. Sayler, has written a narrative of six months in Moscow and Petrograd, in Samara and the various towns along the Trans-Siberian railway—Russia White or Red (Little, Brown & Company). Mr. Sayler, whose domestic post is that of dramatic critic for the Indianapolis News, has also written for the same publishers a record of the theatre in Moscow and Petrograd—The Russian Theatre Under The Revolution. From Southern Russia comes the story of a young Englishwoman, Miss Rhoda Power—Under the Bolshevik Reign of Terror (McBride); and in the vast lands to the east of the Urals two diaries have been written by Americans: Trailing the Bolsheviki (Scribner's) is the narrative of Carl W. Ackerman, correspondent of the New York Times; Capt. Frederick F. Moore, an intelligence officer with the American forces, is author of Siberia Today (Appleton). Finally, among the diaries, are the stories of two Princesses—one American by birth, the other described by her publishers as a Russian of the Russians. The Princess Cantacuzène, before her marriage Miss Julia Dent Grant, has written Revolutionary Days (Small, Maynard & Company); and the same publishers have brought out The Firebrand of Bolshevism, by Princess Catharine Radziwill.

Biography

ELSEWHERE in this issue there is notice of the astonishing collection of books that commemorate and eulogize the late Theodore Roosevelt. These volumes devoted to Roosevelt completely overshadow all other American biography. There is promised a life of Eugene V. Debs, by David Karsner, (Boni & Liveright). And Leon Bazalgette is the author of a centenary volume on Walt Whitman, to be issued by the respectable firm of Doubleday Page. Also Champ Clark is putting his reminiscences into a volume, A Quarter Century of American Politics, (Harpers). And we have Don Seitz on Artemus Ward, (Harpers), and Marcus Dickey's Youth of James Whitcomb Riley, (Bobbs Merrill). But even these, with the addition of David Bispham's Recollections, (Macmillan), and Marse Henry by Henry Watterson, (Doran), do not pretend to offer any rivalry to the Roosevelt collection.

From England, however, there comes a quite representative group of memorial biographies. Mrs. Barnett has prepared a two-volume life of the late Canon Barnett, (Houghton Mifflin), and there are the two concluding volumes of the biography of Disraeli. Henry Festing Jones has gone forward from his task of editing the author of Erewhon to writing The Life of Samuel Butler, (Macmillan). The Life of General Booth is by the fluent Harold Begbie, (Macmillan), and Vestigia is a book of recollections by Colonel Repington, of war-correspondent fame, (Houghton, Mifflin), a perfect document in the mind and manners of the Etonian Tory. The Life of Arthur Hugh Clough (Houghton, Mifflin), is by James I. Osbourne, not at all in the spirit of Mr. Lytton Strachey. And there is a book of considerable interest to Irish readers, John Redmond's Last Years, by Stephen Gwynn, (Longmans Green).

Stokes are enterprising enough to bring out Some Personal Impressions by Take Jonescu, the Rumanian statesman. In a few years, of course, we shall have Sonnino and Clemenceau and Lloyd George (Lloyd George in six volumes, possibly, after the fashion of Disraeli—the publication winding up somewhere about forty years after his death, say 1972, if the Disraeli analogy is at all indicative). Meanwhile we need not wait for Von Tirpitz's Memoirs, (Dodd Mead), full of the old man's inglorious garrulity, and also Ludendorff's apologia, (Harpers), with its substitution of lengthy explanation for that proud and freezing silence which would have attended victory. Lord Kitchener's biography is not yet announced, and Lord French's recent volume is too evidently window-dressing to be important. The only general who is at liberty to expose all his secrets is, apparently, General Booth.

A substantial American work is Albert J. Beveridge's John Marshall, now completed, (Houghton Mifflin). One must not overlook the ample autobiography of the President Emeritus of Dartmouth College, My Generation, by William Jewett Tucker, (Houghton, Mifflin), nor A Labrador

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Doctor, by Wilfred H. Grenfell, published by the same firm. A different type of autobiography is Isaac Marcosson's Adventures in Interviewing, (Lane). Mr. Marcosson is the kind of journalist who writes of prominent and successful men in the spirit of those worshipful souls who publish volumes entitled, Great Men I Have Shaved, or Presidents Whose Teeth I Have Filled.

Labor

BACK of wages and hours and conditions of labor lie the more provocative and certainly more fundamental questions of the division of power in industry. To the discussion of these questions a dozen books on the Fall lists contribute. Both their analysis and their speculation can be put to good use. For even the terminology of the discussion is vague and indolent. "There must be a genuine democratization of industry," said Mr. Wilson, some time ago, "based upon a full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare or the part they are to play in industry." Many sorts of people would accept this premise—and then find themselves far apart when it came to the first step towards its concrete application. Democratization of industry, for Mr. Gary, means welfare work, long hours, and protection for his employees against the trade unions. Democratization of industry, for Mr. Haywood, means immediate assumption of management by the workers, with the disappearance of any state power of interference with decisions of the several syndicates. Between these borders range most of the rest of us, sure, perhaps, that we do not mean by democratization of industry either what Mr. Gary means or what Mr. Haywood means; but not so sure of the rest of our definition. And though we may be in search of no one formula that can be applied to all "industry," to the village mill and sailing ships and blast furnaces of the Steel Corporation, we are nevertheless in need of having "democratization of industry" discussed for us in terms explicit enough to be suggestive.

G. D. H. Cole is one of the readiest of British writers in his proposals for the way to achieve such democratization. He has come to be the most authoritative spokesman of the Guild Socialist movement, and no school has a more brilliant and resourceful propagandist. In the preparation of Labor and the Commonwealth (Huebsch) Mr. Cole has had the benefit of active participation in recent British efforts at a stabilization of industrial relations, such as the calling of the National Industrial Conference. Another book from England, The Limits of State Industrial Control (F. A. Stokes Co.), approaches in a less cohesive manner the questions of deciding in whose hands and in what measure industrial power shall reside. The somewhat truncated views of Mr. Lloyd George, General Smuts, Hilaire Belloc and several dozen other Englishmen have been gathered in a collection which Mr. Huntley Carter edits. The influence of British thought, and particularly of that gallant manifesto of the British Labor Party in 1917, may be found in the work of a number of American writers. It supplies the pitch for a study by R. M. MacIver, Labor in the Changing World (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Patchwork, Mr. MacIver thinks, is not the way to proceed with reconstruction. His book saves no space for "conciliation schemes which, however useful in their place, are calculated to bolster up the existing order." He is arguing for a more drastic revision of the industrial system.

It is from American experience rather than British ideals that W. Jett Lauck draws most of his material for Labor in War Time and After (Appleton). Mr. Lauck, secretary of the National War Labor Board while the war was on, had a good opportunity of watching what happened to traditional relationships in American industry. War-time experience also figures in H. L. Gantt's new book, Organizing for Work (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). For in one sense the war forced the adoption of that doctrine Mr. Gantt now advocates: "placing authority in the hands of those who know what to do and how to do it, irrespective of whether they are the owners of the tools of production or not." In Labor's Challenge to the Social Order (Macmillan) John Graham Brooks has written an analysis of current forces in American industry; and a new and more gentle critic of the status quo, Professor Stephen Leacock, discusses revolution vs. evolution in The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice (John Lane Company). Essays from a number of British and American liberals and trade unionists are collected by Mr. Lionel Edie in Current Social and Industrial Forces (Boni and Liveright).

On the Fall lists of the publishers there are several other books which, though devoted to an intensive study of a single movement, nevertheless contribute to the more general discussion of the control of power in an industrial state. Of this character is a study of the Amalgamated Garment Workers by J. M. Budish and George Soule, The New Unionism (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). It is indeed a new unionism that the Garment Workers have developed under the leadership of Sidney Hillman, with a concrete test of that system of Joint Councils which is now being proposed so generally as a means to "industrial peace." A second important movement is studied in Albert Sonnichsen's Consumer's Cooperation (Macmillan). Despite the assurances of Mr. Wilson and the Attorney General, last August, a few investigations and the threatened prosecution of a stray profiteer have not furnished any relief from the pressure of high prices. Nor are such inverted methods ever likely to bring relief. The movement Mr. Sonnichsen analyzes is far more certain to benefit the consumer, and far more thorough in its destruction of a profiteering system of distribution. Finally there is the story of the political revolt of the farmers in North Dakota—told by Herbert Gaston in The Nonpartisan League (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). Mr. Gaston's narrative is the epic of a movement which Hilaire Belloc an dseveral dozen other Englishmen have misrepresentation on the part of the enemies has definitely made the Nonpartisan League the forerunner of radical reconstruction in America.

Philosophy

JUDGING by the publishers' lists, the agitation into which the war threw the psychologists and philosophers seems to have subsided. There are no more offerings of books on morale, the obliquity of German thought and such small fish. An afterthought is W. B. Pillsbury's The Psychology of Nationalism and Internationalism (Appleton), but that is the only announcement of note in this field. What a technical laboratory psychologist can do with themes so unrelated to his preoccupations as nationalism and internationalism is bound to arouse considerable interest, not among psychologists and philosophers alone. That the war, which is so much and so essentially a confrontation of death should arouse the activity, the passive concern (which all men have) about immortality, was to be ex-

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pected. There has been a steady stream of books on this subject since the end of 1914. Among the offerings of this fall worthy of note there is S. Galloway's The Idea of Immortality—Its Development and Values, published by Clark, of Edinburgh, and Samuel McCombs, The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry. Mr. McCombs will be remembered as the leader of the Emmanuel Movement which might be described as a kind of high church Christian Science, or mental healing; his document, Religion and Medicine, caused some stir when it was published and seemed for a time likely to divert interest from new thought and other metaphysical nostrums for jaded nerves. The latter has also received its fillip of interest from the war, but it seems to have become retrospective. Crowell's announced a History of The New Thought Movement by Horatio W. Dresser. Mr. Dresser, who served as a Y. M. C. A. secretary in France, is the most distinguished writer the movement has produced. In the field of pure philosophy there are two announcements of more than ordinary interest. Harcourt, Brace and Howe, a new firm, announce Studies in Contemporary Metaphysics, by Alfred Hoernlé, of Harvard University, and Marshall Jones and Company announce Pluriverse by the late Benjamin Paul Blood, with an introduction by Horace M. Kallen. Prof. Hoernlé's lucidity and charm are well-known to the readers of the New Republic, while Mr. Blood's name must recall to lovers of philosophy William James's fascinating essay, A Pluralistic Mystic, of which Mr. Blood was the theme. Pluriverse is a sort of last will and testament of this same mystic, which he left to Mr. Kallen to prepare for the press when he found he would not live to bring it out himself.

History and Politics

The Spirit of Russia, by Masaryk (Macmillan).
The United States from Hayes to McKinley, by Janus Ford Rhodes (Macmillan).
Ireland and England, by E. R. Turner (Century).
Ireland's Fight for Freedom, by George Creel (Harpers).
The Frontier in American History, by Frederick Turner (Holt).
Ireland a Nation, by Robert Lynd (Dodd Mead).
Life of General Pershing, by George MacAdam (Doubleday Page).
The Martyrdom of Man, by Winwood Reade (Dutton).
Correspondence of Nicholas Biddle (Houghton Mifflin).
A History of France, by W. S. Davis (Houghton Mifflin).
The Czechs in America, by Thomas Capek (Houghton Mifflin).
Italian Customs of the 16th Century, by T. F. Crane (Yale).
The New Map of Asia, by H. A. Gibbons (Century).
The Awakening of Asia, by H. A. Hyndman (Boni & Liveright).
Liberalism in America, by Harold Stearns (Boni & Liveright).
The Remaking of a Mind, by Henry de Man (Scribners).
Powers and Aims of Western Democracy, by W. M. Sloane (Scribners).
The Land and the Soldier, by F. C. Howe (Scribners).
The Chicago Race Riots, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt).
The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice, by Stephan Leacock (Lane).
tle Brown).
Collapse and Reconstruction, by Sir Thomas Barclay (Little Brown).
The Political Future of India, by Lajpat Rai (Huebsch).
Law in the Modern State, by Leon Duguit (Huebsch).

War Books

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE.

Our Greatest Battle. By Lieut.-Col. Frederick Palmer. Dodd, Mead and Company.)
The American Army in the European Conflict. By Lieut.-Col. De Chambrun and Capt. D. Marenches. (Macmillan.)
Yankee Ingenuity in the War. By Frank Parker Stockbridge. (Harper and Brothers.)
The American Front. By Captain Ernest Peixotto. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
Our 110 Days' Fighting. By Arthur W. Page. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)
The Shamrock Battalion of the Rainbow. By Corporal Martin T. Hogan. (Appleton.)
From Puton to the Meuse, With the 307th Infantry. By Captain W. Kerr Rainsford. (Appleton.)
With the Yankee Division in France. By Frank P. Sibley, correspondent with the 26th Division. (Little, Brown & Company.)
The Story of the First Gas Regiment. By James Addison Thayer. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
The Three Hundred and First Engineers. By Captain E. J. Weaver. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
America's Race to Victory. By Lieut.-Col. E. Requin. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
The Turn of the Tide. Operations of American Troops. By Lieut.-Col. Jennins C. Wise. (Henry Holt & Company.)

AVIATION.

The Lafayette Flying Corps. By Capt. James Norman Hall and Lieut. Charles Bernard Nordhoff. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
New England Aviators. With Introduction by A. Lawrence Lowell. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
The Flying Sky. By Lieut. Camillo de Carlo. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)
Fighting the Flying Circus. By Capt. Edward V. Rickenbacker. (Frederick A. Stokes Company).
The Struggle in the Air, 1914-1918. By Major Charles C. Turner. (Longmans, Green & Company.)

THE NAVIES.

Naval Operations. Vol. I. To the Battle of Falklands, December, 1914. By Sir Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, Green & Company.)
To Kiel in the "Hercules." By Lt. Lewis R. Freeman. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)
Sea-Hounds. By Lt. Lewis R. Freeman. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)
Italian Sea Power in the Great War. By Archibald Hurd. (Robert M. McBride & Company.)
The Great Lakes Naval Training Station. By Francis Buzzell. (Small, Maynard & Company.)
The Heroic Record of the British Navy. By Archibald Hurd and H. H. Bashford. (Doubleday, Page & Company.)

BRITISH OPERATIONS IN THE EAST.

The Dardanelles Campaign. By H. W. Nevinson. (Henry Holt & Company.)
The Dardanelles. By Maj.-Gen. Sir C. E. Callwell. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)
The Long Road to Bagdad. By Edmund Cander. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

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London Men in Palestine. By Rowlands Colicott. (Longmans, Green & Company.)

RELIEF WORK.

The American Red Cross in the Great War. By Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross. (Macmillan.)

The Soul of the "C. R. B." By Madame M. Saint René Taillandier. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Helping France. By Ruth Gaines. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

Notes of a Camp Follower on the Western Front. By E. W. Hornung. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

History of the American Field Service in France. Told by its members. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

Field Ambulance Sketches. By a "Corporal." (John Lane Company.)

GENERAL.

The Reference History of the Great War. By the editors of the New International Encyclopaedia, under the direction of Frank Moore Colby. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

Our War with Germany. By John Spencer Bassett. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

The Causes and Meaning of the World War. By Wilbur F. Gordy. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

The Real Cause of the War. By André Chéradame. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

DIARIES.

"1914." The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount French. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Ludendorff's Own Story. (Harper and Brothers.)

Ambassador Sharp's Own Story. (Harper and Brothers.)

Gun Fodder: The Diary of Four Years of War. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Little, Brown & Company.)

A Year as a Government Agent. By Vera B. Whitehouse. (Harper and Brothers.)

Padre. A Red Cross Chaplain in France. By Sartell Prentice. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

Standing By. By Robert Keable. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

My Escape from Germany. (By Eric A. Keith. (Century.)

A Year in the Navy. By Joseph Husband. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Temporary Crusaders. By Cecil Sommers. (John Lane Company.)

During the Dark Days. By Lt.-Comm. Stanley Coxon. (John Lane Company.)

Three Chevrons. By Major H. F. Bidder. (John Lane Company.)

The Boy with the Guns. By the late Lieut. W. G. Taylor. (John Lane Company.)

Sapper Dorothy Lawrence, the Only English Woman Soldier. By Dorothy Lawrence. (John Lane Company.)

Ward Tales. By E. Chivers Davies. (John Lane Company.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prisoners of the Great War. By Carl P. Dennett. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

What the Censor Forbade. By Philip Gibbs. (Harper and Brothers.)

Mr. Punch's History of the War. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

The Army Behind the Army. By E. Alexander Powell. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Realism

Realism, A Study in Art and Thought, by Arthur McDowall, Fellow of All Souls College. London: Constable & Co.

MR. McDowall is, I suppose, primarily a philosopher. On that account the realists in philosophy have perhaps more title to this book than the realists in art. But I hope the realists in art may push their claim to it. The discussion Mr. McDowall revives in this volume of 300 short pages is of peculiar importance to American creators, or at any rate to American critics, and Mr. McDowall revives it in the most unassuming and temperate manner. He is, I imagine, a sound realist in philosophy. He seems to me to be a most understanding critic of literary realism. And in seeking to define the rights and justifications of literary realism he may start us toward something that is enormously needed—a realistic orientation of American criticism and American creativeness.

The elementary discussions are still the vital discussions—realism versus naturalism, and realism versus romanticism and idealism. But I do not think that Mr. McDowall's quarrel with romanticism will bring much comfort to Messrs. Babbitt & Co. In both cases the term "romanticism" is a reproach; but with Mr. McDowall it is a reproach not so much against Rousseau and the over-capitalization of life ("the movement towards the vague and the infinite") as against the corresponding idealism that, smiling its enamelled smile, steps in between causes and consequences. "The idealist's longing for perfection, or rather his assumption that the universe is implicitly perfect," Mr. McDowall notes, "reminds us of that romantic mood which turns from the ugly or unfinished to build a sunny pleasure dome." To build, that is to say, a fantasy, a day-dream. It is partly as a protest against this complacency, whether of idealism or of romanticism, that Mr. McDowall discusses realism. But while he says that realism is in a certain sense negative, that it "lies essentially in the *treatment* of the actual," and consists partly in de-anthropomorphizing and de-personalizing, it is still "the most positive of theories" because, among other things, its original interest "is a vivid appreciation of the shapes and forms of existence." It is a poetic joy in life. But as soon as the artist's mind becomes ever so little sophisticated, and reflection on error begins, it generates that critical apprehension which Flaubert describes as driving him to scoop and dig into the fact."

Does this scooping and digging mean an enslavement to fact? No, Mr. McDowall answers. If realism must steer clear of "sentimentalism, romanticism, idealism, and in general the 'pathetic fallacy'," it must equally steer clear of "le trivialisme," of "a simple correspondence with facts." The artist "is an observer, but he is not a reporter." His aim is not to amass evidence or to convince by proof. What he is seeking is not, should not be, scientific truth but "a truth of impression in which feeling and imagination play the essential part." The bêtise of naturalism is its materialistic determinism. It resorts to mere transcription in the belief that by persisting in transcription the "truth" (i. e., mechanistic truth) will emerge.

But, it may be retorted on behalf of the naturalists, the main accusation against realism itself has been a bêtise of its own, the bêtise of its lack of "values," its brutal cor-

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respondence to fact. Here, I think, the modern psychologist might profitably be invoked by Mr. McDowall, as against romanticism on the one hand and as against naturalism on the other, with the whole question of "values" to be suspended for the time being.

For in pursuing "truth," even to the verge or beyond the verge of unpleasantness, what does the realist do? Mr. McDowall says that we have "a sense of satisfaction or even triumph that a man can thus hold gloom and suffering at a distance," and he quotes Rodin to the effect that "what is beautiful in art is, in fact, simply that which has character. Character is the truth of some natural sight, beautiful or ugly, in all its intenseness," and so on. But in the end Mr. McDowall gives it up. "The question remains," he confesses, "and will very likely be asked as long as the world lasts, why the sudden revelation of truth in art should have an emotional effect; why what is true should also be beautiful."

But consider for a moment the effect of what is true in Ibsen on the good old Roman Catholic critic Clement Scott. Everyone knows that when the realism of Ghosts closed down on Clement Scott he squealed like a pig under a gate. Why? And why is it impossible when one is psychically sore to read any sort of very good realistic fiction? Why do people go to the movies or to the Follies to "forget their troubles" and hate strong novels as they would strong medicine?

My own feeling is that Mr. McDowall's sentence "there is an aesthetic value in truth" should read, "there is a psychological value in truth." He asks, "Why should the revelation of truth in art have an emotional effect"? Because, if people can *stand* it, (as Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. Babbitt and the rest cannot stand it), the truth releases them from the mortifications of their own unconscious, because "the penetration of the object" and "the enhanced sense of life, the emotional verification" of realism are just what their unconscious needs.

It is interesting and to me quite exciting that Mr. McDowall should assign to realism certain definite subjects. "How much can we claim, then, as realism of subject? If it appears impossible in the end to say that any effect is due *merely* to the subject, we are still left with the cases in which the emphasis, at least, lay on that side. Certain moments in the development of art, like that of Balzac and his successors, when new interests and new material were all-absorbing; certain aspects of the triste or the habitual which seem to have a special power of enforcing themselves. Some might add to these a particular branch of art—for instance, portraiture."

If you examine these particularized subjects in conjunction with Mr. McDowall's phrase, "the highest thrill of vitality comes only when all indifference is discarded," the conclusion is hard to avoid that these are precisely the subjects which relate to compulsions and desires. And in all the feeling of Mr. McDowall's analyses there is the feeling that realistic art gives just the katharsis that is so "indicated" by modern psychology. That katharsis, indeed, is named as the supreme object of the present realists (page 183): "It seems, then, that a blind jump into life or a succession of thrills are not what these writers understand by vitality. The sense of life has to be made good in some way; it must carry a man on to some position where he is not so much its plaything as its master."

In suggesting that realism is founded on a magnificent psychological intuition I do not mean to say with Mr. Albert Mordell that literature is produced by an author in his effort to find relief for his own unconscious. I say that among "the simple pleasures of art" there is prominent the relief of the unconscious afforded by realism, by very reason of its "sense of actual existence," its "feeling for what is true," its "special gift of sincerity," its acknowledgment and adjustment of the rooted demands of the unconscious.

How can painting do this? How can painting meet the unconscious? This Mr. McDowall partly answers, though not specifically. Perhaps one fact as to subject-matter may throw some light on "man and the intention of his soul." Why is the female nude so much more a topic of painting, male painting, than the male nude? Is it, or is it not, because the "revelation of truth in art" in this respect is one way the polygamous male has of sublimating his desires? There are, you may say, nudes that have the contrary effects. But these are not true realism. "If realism is to keep the true value of things, it needs a mixture of passion and detachment." The crass representations have no detachment.

This perhaps suggests why naturalism ("lifelike" rather than "living") has not the power to lift us to that "supreme intensifying of reality" which has such profound value. It is an easy step from this interpretation of naturalism to a similar interpretation of romanticism. Romanticism favors the day-dream and the fantasy, employments of the imagination which are in themselves fascinating but are seriously divorced from reason.

All of this, it seems to me, is implicit in Mr. Mc Dowall. But, even if I am wrong (happily wrong, as the bored anti-analyst may hope), there is in Realism a substantial and absorbing case for this sane view of life. The chapters Realism in Thought and Realism and Values are particularly pertinent for American cities and creators. For here at last the escape from gentility and imitativeness is not presented as an escape down the back-alley, but rather as an escape down the front-steps. Ideals may be left behind, but with him the creator takes his values, and those values are rich with the reality and the individuality for which he is striving, against every aesthetic pharisee and every aesthetic philistine.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Rousseau, Revolution, and Romanticism

Rousseau and Romanticism, by Irving Babbitt. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

"ABAS Jean-Jacques!" Those who were in Paris in 1912 will remember that cry with which the young patriots tried to break up the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of Rousseau's birth. It was but one symptom of a wave of reaction against revolutionary ideas which had already begun to sweep through France two years before the outbreak of the war. In the cartoons which the "Camelots du Roi" distributed through the streets they pictured on the one hand Jeanne d'Arc as the saviour of France and on the other hand Jean-Jacques whose influence through the French Revolution had been ruining for them the France she had saved. This revulsion of feeling against Rousseau is felt in most of the recent French books about him. Professor Irving Babbitt's

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book on "Rousseau and Romanticism" reflects something of this, but it also reflects something more and it is in that more that its significance lies. As those who have attended his lectures at Harvard know, he is almost unique among our professors of literature in emerging from purely linguistic or literary study and coming to grips with the vital ideas of today and this latest book of his has a bearing that reaches far beyond either Rousseau or Romanticism.

When Professor Babbitt in his introduction takes a random shot at "our smart young radicals" we soon discover that from the entrenched stronghold of the Classics and Christianity, his guns are trained not merely on Rousseau and Romanticism, but on all our civilization that lies this side of them. The bombardment covers the whole "incomparable series of false prophets from Rousseau himself down to Nietzsche and Tolstoi". Nothing modern is safe from their attack, whether it is the "maniacs of expression" in art—cubists, futurists, and post impressionists—or the corresponding schools in literature. We are told that the "chaos of vers libre" is only an outer symptom of "inner anarchy" and that the imagist "advertises by the very name he has assumed the bankruptcy of all that is most worth while in poetry". Our philosophers fare no better. Bergson is spoken of as merely one of the "recent votaries of the God Whirl". Professor John Dewey and his followers are said to be "suffering from an advanced stage of naturalistic intoxication." The new Realists are "flat on their faces before the man of science —surely an undignified attitude for a philosopher". In a word, "modern philosophy is bankrupt" and "the total tendency of the Occident at present is away from rather than toward civilization". We may not agree with this indictment against a whole age, but we can not ignore its importance.

Why drag in Rousseau? That is because Professor Babbitt finds the root of most of the ills our generation is heir to, in this French philosopher of the 18th century with his theory of a return to nature. Like that popular song of the French Revolution, whatever the trouble may be, Professor Babbitt seems to echo the refrain "C'est la faute de Rousseau!" Not only does he attribute our modern mushy humanitarianism to Rousseau, but at the same time he tells us "Rousseau is more than any other one person the father of Kultur." Just as the psycho-analyst has no difficulty in explaining either like or dislike of one's mother to the same Oedipus complex; so Professor Babbitt has no difficulty in attributing diametrically opposite symptoms to the same Rousseau complex. He tells us, on the one hand, that Rousseau is an ancestor of our mechanistic view of life, and on the other hand, that Bergson with his vitalistic theory "has done little more than repeat Rousseau." Again we learn that "both emotional nationalism and emotional internationalism go back to Rousseau."

Perhaps the most unexpected instance of this linking of seeming opposites together is when we find both Romanticism and Realism traced to the same source. Professor William Allan Neilson in his book on Essentials of Poetry sees in Classicism the predominance of reason, in Romanticism the predominance of imagination, and in Realism the predominance of sense of fact. For Professor Neilson, however, the difference between Classicism and Romanticism is that between a concentric and an eccentric imagination. From the point of view of the modern realist this ancient feud of classicist and romanticist no longer seems a live issue and he is ready to cry "A curse on both your houses." But Professor Babbitt, looking at it from the angle of Classicism, finds both Romanticism and Realism accursed. "Realism," he keeps repeating, "is merely romanticism going on all fours." Realism is a sort of debased servant of Romanticism, as Sancho Panza was of Don Quixote.

What general principle then is underlying all these varying forms of modernism, these seven devils that dwell in the house Jean-Jacques built? For Professor Babbitt, they are all different forms of one fundamental error—naturalism. The emotional naturalism of the Rousseauist as well as the scientific naturalism of the Baconian, both lay too much emphasis on the "law for thing" and too little on the "law for man." Both tend to dehumanize man. Rousseau like the ancient Greeks associated man and nature; but while the Greeks humanized nature, Rousseau tried to naturalize man. For us today, however, this whole separation of man and nature seems strangely ante-Darwinian. So, too, does the theory of the "abiding element" in human nature "on the survival of which civilization depends". Professor Babbitt can not forgive the humanitarian who, all adrip with brotherhood, has ventured in the name of progress to tamper with these fixed beliefs. There seems to be something sacred to him in that inner conflict in man which, borrowing a phrase from Diderot, he calls the "civil war within the cave". The fault with both Baconian and Rousseauist, he tells us, is that they "are interested not in the struggle between good and evil in the breast of the individual, but in the progress of mankind as a whole". They have turned away from the "civil war in the cave" to "humanity in the lump". Thus in the name of the humanist he attacks humanitarianism. Even the Church, we are told, "so far as it has become humanitarian, has itself succumbed to naturalism". The whole present generation is said to be "wallowing in a trough of naturalism".

The menace of this present naturalistic excess lies in our preference for "yes" over "no." Buddha said, "Good is restraint in all things"; the God of the Hebrew said, "Thou shalt not"; and the divine voice to which Socrates listened usually said "No." In the nineteenth century, however, Goethe makes not God but Mephistopheles "the spirit that says no," and Carlyle turns from the everlasting "nay" towards the everlasting "yea." The modern chafes at restraint. Our psycho-analysts would free us from "repressions" and "inhibitions." Professor Babbitt, on the other hand, finds it a tragic fact that "the traditional inhibitions are growing weaker." Like Paul Elmer More, Professor Stuart P. Sherman, and the others of the same stern school, he finds the expansiveness of our modern civilization sadly needing the curb of an "inner check." To control the "elan vital" he would introduce a "frein vital."

Though he does not mention Bolshevism by name, we can not help feeling that he has it in mind in what he says about "the most dangerous form of anarchy" and "an especially unpleasant way of returning to barbarism." For a fuller development of the political implications of Rousseauism, we must await the book which he promises us on "Democracy and Imperialism." It is already clear, however, that for Professor Babbitt our whole education has made a fatal mistake in taking as its three R's: Rousseau, Revolution, and Romanticism.

What, then, is the principle that Professor Babbitt would oppose to the errors of our modern way of life? Here there seems to be, if not some mysticism, at least some mystification. Over against the sub-rational intuition he sets up the super-rational intuition; and over against pure naturalism, pure supernaturalism. To refuse the naturalistic he uses both the humanistic and the religious.

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In addition to the Classical tradition, on the basis of which he made his attack in his earlier book, "The New Laokoon," he now resorts to the Christian tradition. This double attack gives him an almost undue advantage. Where one weapon fails he uses the other. There is no chance for us to slip past. This astounding combination of the imitation of Horace and the imitation of Christ, like a "two-handed engine at the door stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Our moderns are made to seem more vulnerable than ever from the unkind habit that Professor Babbitt has of remembering the unfortunate utterances of their most abject moments. Of these instances, he has a most formidable supply in his armory. On reading the book one gets the impression that the author's brain is made up of innumerable little cells each containing an apt quotation and that no sooner is one of these cells opened than all those containing quotations in any way similar must go off by sympathetic vibration, one after another, each with an epigrammatic pop. There is thus kept up a continual bombardment of quotations with an occasional misquotation as, for example, when poor Keats is made to say of stout Cortez that the Pacific "swam into his ken."

Professor Babbitt's defense of Classicism then is not altogether classical in its method. When he tilts full force against our modern windmills we can not help recognizing in his very attack on Romanticism something of Romanticism in his manner. He reminds us, strangely enough, not merely of Romanticism, but also of Rousseau. For where can we find a better analogy to Professor Babbitt's reaction against his environment and his indictment against our whole modern civilization than in the Frenchman who saw as in a vision the errors of his age and dared to bring an indictment against the whole civilization of the 18th century? The experience that Professor Babbitt has gone through is akin not so much to that of Saint Paul on the road to Damascus as it is to that of Jean-Jacques upon the road to Vincennes.

H. W. L. Dana.

An Adopted Husband

An Adopted Husband, by Futabei, translated by Mitsui and Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

An Adopted Husband presents a situation only apparently peculiar to Japan. It consists in the purchase of a husband for the daughter of a rich man, but in Japan he is purchased, or "adopted," when there is no son in the family, and he is judged on merit rather than title. He is usually a poor but deserving student. The reason he is poor is, according to a Japanese proverb, that no one who had a measure of rice left would let himself be adopted. Futabei's book is really an elaboration of this proverb. It traces the misery and degradation of Tetsuya, who, to get money to finish his schooling, marries the daughter of Ono, a supposedly rich merchant. Ono dies and leaves the family entirely dependent on the thin professorial salary of Tetsuya. His wife is a shrew and a wastrel and so is his mother-in-law. They torture and bully the meek Sayo, an illegitimate half-sister, as they torture and bully Tetsuya, and the two persecuted creatures naturally fall in love. But Tetsuya cannot divorce his wife unless he repays the money for his education, and Sayo won't live with him because she is a Christian, and on the horns of this dilemma he perishes. From the honorable status of a scholar he falls to whisky-reeking squalor in a Chinese port, and there Futabei leaves him. This unoriental realism is probably due to Futabei's knowledge of Russian novels, but he has done more than mere imitation, he has created an inexorable situation out of what seems to be actual Japanese life. If a westerner still fails to be moved by this book, it is partly because the English is awkward to the point of ludicrousness—"he contented himself with flashing his eyes"—and partly because many words and scenes which must have value to the Japanese appear practically unmeaning to us.

Starved Rock

Starved Rock, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Co.

One would be right, I think, in maintaining that his latest volume gives us the first chance of really estimating the scope and character of Edgar Lee Masters' poetry. The Spoon River Anthology was a first, but it was also a final book; its single background and its repeating forms did not permit us to judge of the variety and the art of the man. Then came Songs and Satires, Towards the Gulf, and the Great Valley: one got a notion that none of these volumes was really a successor; one felt that in them that the poet of Spoon River was merely marking time.

Starved Rock is a real successor; one feels in reading it that a movement has been going on in the poet's life and that this poetry comes out of it; it has humor and satire and a desire that leaps beyond life and that finds its symbol in that rock in the Great Valley that stands as a monument to vanished races and lost adventurers. Reading it in its variety one begins to be aware of the outstanding topics of this poetry.

There is, first of all, a preoccupation with death. It is not strange that two of America's poets should give so much of their passion and thought to death? "Come, lovely and soothing Death," croons Whitman. "Realm of the Dead! Supreme Reality, All Hail!" cried Edgar Lee Masters. And in one of his very finest poems he makes the dead soldiers say:—

> Sink into nature and become
> The mystery that strikes you dumb,
> Be clay and end your martyrdom.

And in another poem he stops mockery suddenly to say:—

> For the all-folding air is what?
> The Great Idea, if so I may say,
> A sort of Ocean leaping to waves,
> And what do you care if they pass away?
> They sink into their source, not into graves.

And again he has to cry out:—

> Draw my dust
> With the dust of my beloved
> Into the substance of a great rock,
> Upon whose point a planet flames
> Nightly, in a thrilling moment
> Of divine revelation
> Through endless time.

And in this book, too, we are able to come closer to the personality of the man. Edgar Lee Masters is half Francis Rabelais and half Peter Ronsard: he can be extravagant about the sensual and the material, and he loves to work

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up sentiment into finely wrought forms. Spring Lake, in this latest volume, represents the part that is of Rabelais, and The Dream of Tasso represents the part that is close to Ronsard.

And, of course, there is a propaganda, or rather there is a campaign being waged in the book. Edgar Lee Masters is a satirist, and he is directing his powers of satire against those who would enchain the free expression of life. In the poem called Washington Hospital the dying Edgar Allan Poe feels how bitter it is that slave-owners and usurers rule the land while he remains a poor and a rejected man. Against the same slave-owners, usurers and hypocrites the poet of today wages the war. He calls on Pallas Athene to come down and break their ranks. In Spring Lake he laughs at their discomforture when Apollo comes amongst them. But is Edgar Lee Masters right in associating the usurers, slave-owners and hypocrites with religion? And is he right in looking to Science, as he seems to do in The Winged Victory, as a liberator? After all, the curtailment of human liberty by Prohibition—a curtailment against which he protests—was helped on by the efficiency-experts and the psychologists and the statisticians. Indeed it would seem that the next fight of human culture—of the culture that has its satisfaction in the free play of life—will be against those men of research who are making a reconstruction of the human mind and who are about to impose that reconstruction upon the world.

His confrontation with theology, his unsuspecting alignment with Science marks Edgar Lee Masters' spiritual epoch. He is not a modern of the moderns. He belongs to the generation that was stirred by Darwin and that got a revelation of method from Browning's Men and Women. Browning's method, especially as this poet uses it, is still to the good. But it seems to me that modern poets are no longer on the ground that Edgar Lee Masters takes for his battle-field.

I have spoken of his pre-occupation with death. That pre-occupation does not take anything from the avidity of cians. Indeed it would seem that the next fight of human other side of that avidity. There are poems of desire in Starved Rock that have the luxuriance of Oriental poetry. And in the dramatic poems—in the monologues that suggest Browning's monologues desire is shown in its various phases. His Byron in Lord Byron to Doctor Polidori is the man who can say:—

> how far love rules, how far to venture
> Knowing what can and what cannot be made
> Of the mystery, the wonder, therefore never,
> Have had to laugh at self.

His Tasso in The Dream of Tasso is the man who after a dream of triumphant love finds, not prison walls only, but "A vast and ruined world," and gives thanks for his prison's walls:—

> But oh you hell,
> You boundless earth to wander in and brood—
> Great prison house of grief in which to dwell,
> And love desired and found and lost again.

Bonnybell, the light-o'-love, lives in desire, but dreams of being purified by a love made perfect.—

> Oh from my lesser self to spread
> My golden wings above your head,
> Through love of love and you discard
> The sting, the rings of green, the shard.

And in Doctor Atherton Prescribes the morbidity of desire is exposed. The other remarkable monologue, At Washington Hospital, has for its central character Edgar Allan Poe. Here is the dying man's farewell to unachieved desire:—

> Oh if you knew what love I have for you!
> All of my powers are not enough to tell
> How all my heart is yours, how I have found
> Eternal things through you, cannot surrender
> Your love, your heart, without I lose some life,
> Some vital part of me—and yet farewell,
> For you have willed it so, and I submit.
> I rise up in my loneliness, seek the sun
> To shine about me in my loneliness,
> Submit and say farewell.

The desire manifest in this last poem throws a light on what Lord Byron says to Doctor Polidori about love without achievement:—

> Till Passion, like an involute, pressed in
> Harder and harder on its starving leaves,
> Becomes a fragrance—sublimate of self
> Sucked out of sorrow's earth, at last becomes
> A meditative madness.

Starved Rock is a prodigal book with its hymns to the flesh such as Creation, with its satires such as The Christian Statesman and Spring Lakes, with its philosophic poems such as The Folding Mirror and Nel Mezzo Del Cammin, with its studies in personality like At Sagamore Hill, the Barber of Sepo and They Never Know Me Now. There is vitality in every poem as there is prodigality in their variety of character. And with the realization of death that is in the book there goes a delight in the symbols and the processes of life—in Agni, Fire; in Pallas Athene and in the airship that he celebrates as The Winged Victory.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Theodore Roosevelt to His Children

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN Mr. G. K. Chesterton reads this book he will have to revise his opinion that the present age has lost the art of using words so as to make pictures of happiness. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children abound in pictures of happiness. "What a heavenly place a sandbox is for two small boys!" Colonel Roosevelt exclaims. "Archie and Quentin play industriously in it most of their spare moments when out in the grounds. I often look out of the office window when I have a score of Senators and Congressmen with me and see them both hard at work arranging caverns or mountains with runways for their marbles." "By George," he writes to a small daughter, "how entirely I sympathize with your feelings in the attic! I know just what it is to get up into such a place and find the delightful, winding passages where one lay hid with thrills of criminal delight." In a letter to his sister, written from the White House the day after

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Christmas, he wonders "whether there can ever come in life a thrill of greater exaltation and rapture than that which comes to one between the ages of say six and fourteen, when the library door is thrown open and you walk in to see all the gifts, like a materialized fairy land, arrayed on your special table?"

These letters are the very pleasantest proof of something we all knew, namely, that life kept its power to give Colonel Roosevelt, long after he had passed the age of fourteen, these thrills of exaltation and rapture. The world remained for him as interesting a playground as his own little boys ever found that sand box in the White House grounds. The letters overflow with joy in his children, his work, his shooting and riding and wrestling, in recalling historical pasts, in animals and flowers. In his world there are not only delightful and amusing children and dogs and kittens; there are plenty of excellent grown-ups. Soon after leaving Panama, Colonel Roosevelt writes: "From the chief engineer and the chief sanitary officer down to the last arrived mechanist or time-keeper, the five thousand Americans at work in the Isthmus seemed to me an exceptionally able, energetic lot, some of them grumbling, of course, but on the whole a mighty good lot of men." And from Porto Rico, a few days later: "I never saw a finer set of young fellows than those engaged in the administration." When Colonel Roosevelt was President many of us could not help smiling at the punctuality with which, as often as he returned from a journey, he would say something beginning with the words: "No finer body of public servants . . ." These letters show how genuine was the impulse in which the habit of saying such things had its roots.

Now and then an American statesman appears for a moment in the letters, sometimes, as in the following case, as an incident in the life of a White House kitten: "Another evening the next Speaker of the House, Mr. Cannon, an exceedingly solemn, elderly gentleman with chin whiskers, who certainly does not look to be of a playful nature, came to call upon me. He is a great friend of mine, and we sat talking over what our policies for the session should be until about eleven o'clock; and when he went away I accompanied him to the head of the stairs. He had gone about half-way down when Tom Quartz strolled by, his tail erect and very fluffy. He spied Mr. Cannon going down the stairs, jumped to the conclusion that he was a playmate escaping, and raced after him, suddenly grasping him by the leg the way he does Archie and Quentin when they play hide and seek with him; then loosening his hold he tore downstairs ahead of Mr. Cannon, who eyed him with iron calm and not one particle of surprise." Who gave Tom Quartz his name, I wonder? Samuel Butler's test of a man's literary ability was, "can he name a kitten?" The names given the White House pets show that somebody in the Roosevelt household could have passed Samuel Butler's test with honors. And it was the Colonel himself who named Josiah, the badger.

At one or two points the letters correct one's impression of Colonel Roosevelt. "One day we had a rather forlorn little poet and his wee wife in at lunch. They made me feel quite badly by being so grateful at my having mentioned him in what I fear was a very patronizing, and, indeed, almost supercilious way, as having written an occasional good poem." Colonel Roosevelt was never supercilious and almost never patronizing. It is interesting to find him accusing himself of having been both. Elsewhere we find self-accusation of a different kind: "There! you will think this a dreadfully preaching letter! I suppose I have a natural tendency to preach just at present because I am overwhelmed with my work." Well, he had a natural tendency to preach at almost all times, but in his letters of advice to his sons nothing is more remarkable than his fredom from dogmatism. About his eternal verities he is dogmatic enough, to be sure, but as to the special case he is not dogmatic at all, but modest, imaginative, very unwilling to impose his own will.

Up to 1911, when the last of the letters in this gay and affectionate book was written, Colonel Roosevelt appears as clearly the happiest of American great men. When a new edition is called for I hope the publisher will remove all the descriptive headings. They are a nuisance.

Q. K.

Ibanez

The Cabin, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, translated by Francis Haffkine Snow and Beatrice M. Mekota. New York: Alfred Knopf.

The Shadow of the Cathedral, a novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Blood and Sand, a novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, translated by Mrs. W. A. Gillespie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

La Bodega, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, translated from the Spanish by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mare Nostrum, a novel by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, translated by Charlotte Brewster Jordan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

To a Spaniard, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, has fallen the distinction of being the first continental novelist to become an American "best-seller"; the readers of his novel of the war, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. But this strangely titled tale has been more than an ordinary "best-seller." You may confess with impunity your failure to read the average popular novel of the day; but to admit that you did not know Blasco Ibañez's work was tantamount to confessing that you were an ignoramus, unfit for social intercourse. The Four Horsemen was a fad. And newspaper reviewers, whose acquaintance with Spanish literature had hitherto been confined to a hearsay knowledge of the name of Cervantes, expatiated glibly on the author's position among the younger generation of Castilian novelists, styling his work a masterpiece worthy of a place beside the Don Quixote.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, judged by the general standards of art, judged even by the author's own standards, is not a masterpiece. Its plot is without distinction, its leading characters are weak. A large part of the work is given over to a rehearsal of the universal indictment of the Germans, which by its very quality of propaganda is unfitted for artistic treatment. How then is its popularity to be explained?

A variety of reasons offer themselves. First and foremost, the novel was a war-book, voicing in powerful form a

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condemnation of the German system. To be sure, it added nothing to what we already knew, but we were pleased and flattered to hear these charges repeated by a neutral. Besides, we were interested in Spain and all things Spanish. The constant repetition of the slogan: "Spanish is the coming language," had stirred in us a vague desire to know more about the people who speak it. With our interest thus whetted, the publishers took advantage of their opportunity. If the war had not ended, and The Young Visiters had not come, we might still be arguing over the exact difference between "apocalypse" and "apocrypha."

There are, moreover, certain elements of real power and appeal in the work. The descriptive passages of the novel are of tremendous vigor, particularly the picture of life in Argentina, with its portrait of the old Centaur, Mandariaga, the finest thing in the book. The battle of the Marne is done in brilliant colors with a power of visualization of detail and a breadth of tone that only Blasco Ibañez possesses. And there are sketches of minor characters, such as Argensola or Roberto the carpenter, which are like rough charcoal-drawings in their startling reality. These are qualities of real merit which warrant the enthusiasm aroused by the discovery of Blasco Ibáñez.

In reality, the discovery is tardy, or better, is not a discovery at all. Blasco Ibáñez is not a "new writer." His first novel was printed in 1894; he has been widely read in France since 1901 when the translation of La Barraca appeared in the Revue de Paris. In the United States, as long ago as 1908, there was an enthusiastic article in The Nation, celebrating him as "an apostle of new Spain." When the Valencian Sorolla y Bastida brought his brilliant collection of paintings to America in 1909, there was included a portrait of his fellow-townsman, Blasco Ibáñez, a sturdy, aggressive figure with ill-fitting coat and shaggy beard, a portrait which still hangs on the walls of the museum of the Hispanic Society of America.

The first English translation of his work, The Shadow of the Cathedral, appeared in the summer of 1909, followed by two versions of Sangre y Arena (Blood and Sand), and Sonnica. All of these translations were unsuccessful from the financial point of view, if from no other, and the same was true of the translation of La Barraca (The Cabin), published in 1917. But with the wave of popularity which received the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse they were all reprinted and, in addition, there have since appeared in translation La Bodega (The Fruit of the Vine), Los Muertos Mandan (The Dead Command), a collection of tales, and the author's latest work, Mare Nostrum.

These novels, although chosen for the most part with more regard for their selling qualities than for their intrinsic worth, give us some idea of the versatile genius of the author and represent roughly his different fields of literary endeavor. The first in order of composition and in artistic merit is La Barraca. It belongs to the group of regional novels, dealing with Valencian life, with which Blasco began his literary career. Written with a somber intensity and a masterly grasp of human passions, it marks the author's highest achievement in the presentation of life. He knows these peasants of the Valencian *huerta,* with their Moorish tenacity and primitive cruelty; they live in his pages with the clarity of Velasquez's *Borrachos.*

The Shadow of the Cathedral and La Bodega represent the second period of Blasco Ibáñez's work, the "novels of protest," written primarily as a vehicle for the author's attacks upon the established order of things in Spain. As a novel, the first of the two is hopelessly poor. Its anarchistic hero, Gabriel Luna, harangues against Church and State through its long chapters with the facile volubility of a soap-box orator; there is much of Spanish history, ecclesiastical and secular, much social theory, but of real story, very little. Were it not for its picture of the cathedral of Toledo and the life of its lay dependents, the book should be classified as a tract.

La Bodega, a study of the wine-growing district of Jerez, is distinctly superior. Its revelation of the dangers of drink is infinitely more effective, precisely because there is less preaching and the story itself proves the author's thesis. Gabriel Luna reappears as Fernando Salvatierra to act on occasion as his spokesman, but he is happily less long-winded than his predecessor. The plot is well knit and many of the scenes, particularly those dealing with masses, like the account of the drunken orgy, are of astounding realistic power.

With Blood and Sand we come to the series of character studies. The Sevillian bull-fighter, Gallardo, dominates the book. He is a simple figure, brave, superstitious and naively vain, and yet our sympathy goes out to him. Doña Sol, the Valkyrie, is Blasco Ibáñez's single feminine type; we first met her in Entre Naranjos; she appears again as Freya in Mare Nostrum. Erratic, violent, voluptuous, we should believe that she was an impossible creation of the fancy, had not Zamacois told us that she and all the other virile heroines who shoot and bite in Blasco Ibáñez's works are memories of his intimacy with a Russian actress. But Blood and Sand is also a "novel of protest," a crudely realistic picture and an arraignment of bull-fighting. In this respect it is unfortunate that the translator has omitted the long passage which discusses the history of the sport in Spain.

The last novel, Mare Nostrum, takes us back to the Valencian coast of the Mediterranean. Captain Ulysses Ferragut is another of the dominating figures of which the author is so fond and whose absence in The Four Horsemen was so noticeable. There is a certain melodramatic interest about the plot, and the German spy, Freya, would be an astonishing personality, if Blasco Ibáñez had not introduced us to her before. But the story is seriously marred by the interminable discourses on the mysteries of the aquatic world, literally encyclopaedic in character. It may be valuable for us all to familiarize ourselves with the submarine flora and fauna of the Mediterranean, as the author has done, but it is really too much to be entrusted twice in the same book with the secret of the movements of the great ocean currents. Perhaps we are wrong in thinking the book a novel, for a young South American friend is convinced that its only purpose is to celebrate the glories of the Latin Sea.

As translations, these works are far from satisfactory. Frequent infelicities of phrase or violences to English may be overlooked, but the glaring inaccuracies with which they all abound (exception must be made of the version of La Barraca), are unpardonable. As Mr. Underhill has very properly said, "Blunders of this sort ought no longer to be possible. If American scholarship is not a sham, this reform, which is imperative, must be immediate."

Blasco Ibáñez is a complex figure. His militant life has made his ideas significant. From the novels already translated we can form some opinion as to these ideas, for no modern writer has more insistently preached through his books than he. A communistic socialist in his early works, he has always belonged to the theoretical group, deprecating violence and demonstrating by the outcome of his own plots

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the futility of an immediate attempt to realize his social dreams. His faith for the future is built upon education, an education which will bring men to a consciousness of their own dignity and worth. His latest work seem to show a certain change of views; the inevitable socialists who appear in The Four Horsemen and Mare Nostrum are vague generalizers, Utopian dreamers without plan or purpose. Has Blasco Ibáñez become a capitalist or has the war shaken his belief?

Of his position as an artist, it is more difficult to speak on the basis of the novels now available in English. To form a true estimate we must have versions of Flor de Mayo (The Mayflower) and Cañas y Barro (Reeds and Mud) of his earlier work, and La Maja Desnuda (The Masterpiece) of his psychological studies. But certain things are already clear. His talent does not lie in the field of character analysis nor in the subtle conflict of spiritual forces. His genius is for action and description. At his best, as in La Barraca, he can tell a story with grim power. As a painter, both of scenes and of figures, he is unrivaled among modern writers; his technique is almost perfect. His besetting sin is his discursiveness, his fondness for long harangues, clumsily introduced, on general themes. But even in his faults, the man himself is revealed, "big, ardent, unpolished." He is a figure which stimulates inevitable interest. The American reader will be anxious to continue the acquaintance he has made. HAYWARD KENISTON.

Dorothy M. Richardson

Pilgrimage. Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb, The Tunnel, by Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN his study of the "new or at least the young novel" Henry James cites the work of Wells, Arnold Bennett, Gilbert Cannan, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence; and he registers a special complaint. He finds the work of these men confident and exuberant and high-spirited. They are thorough, copious, and at their best amazingly accurate. They show "an appetite for a closer notation, a sharper specification of the signs of life, of consciousness, of the human scene and the human subject in general, than the three or four generations before us had been at all moved to insist upon." But James discovers in their work little or no "imprint of a process." They are intent upon conveying their slices of life with every crumb intact, but the slice seems cut at random and displayed roughly as cut. Their novels lack pointed intention; they fail in sense of the whole. Wells loosely tumbles out his mind as an obliging peddler might tumble out the contents of his bag; Arnold Bennett patiently and accurately accumulates dense piles of human experience. Compton Mackenzie—toward whom James most cordially inclines—assembles bits of life one after another like beads on a string. D. H. Lawrence is somewhere "in the dusty rear," presumably gathering scattered impressions.

What James demands might be phrased by the title of one of his own tales: The Figure in the Carpet. The carpet may be huge, but it must be closely woven. The figure may be infinitely complex and entwined with other figures; but clear pattern there must be, a prevailing imposed design; and no one has crowned the method of deliberate composition with a more beautiful success than has James himself.

Still, there is a question whether mere vivid notation even at its extreme has not its particular worth. It is often refreshing simply to immerse up to the chin—to use another of James's protracted similes—in a new element, if the element is genuine. What we lose in sense of focus and direction is fairly balanced by lively expansion and a quickened, heightened consciousness. There is a question, too, whether in all the "welter" which the new novel presents there may not be emerging a new kind of intention, with unexpected arrangements and untried forms. Wells is using a large, an unprecedented scale, and Arnold Bennett is using a small one and is covering an extraordinary range of material; their novels could not easily fall into gracious symmetries. In Sons and Lovers there may be much uncoordinated matter, but Lawrence is working out a set of relationships for something like the first time, and those relationships, deeply rooted yet subtle and intricate, are bound to give rise to a narrative wholly unlike the clearly accentuated forms which James perfected: rougher, wilder, even incoherent as the burden of material grows great. James seems hardly to reckon upon the disrupting force of experiment.

Pointed Roofs, Backwater, Honeycomb, The Tunnel, the first four volumes of Dorothy Richardson's sequence Pilgrimage, mark a further break from the forms and methods of the older novel. They seem at first all notation, a series of flexibly impressionistic records. In each an act or event precipitates a situation, and the book seems merely the flow of Miriam's perceptions within that loose area. There is no story-telling of the usual sort, though the books never lack movement. Professor Baker has remarked that the novel has been pretty much a personally conducted tour, and in the older novel certainly the novelist was the one persistent figure. He was sometimes intrusive like Trollope, or he offered his mind as an exquisite medium like James; but the medium was always palpable and the novelist was always present. Miss Richardson has eliminated the novelist. In Pilgrimage nothing is pointed out. Occasionally a few sentences which are obviously the author's state slight facts—it is always something concrete—but these are quickly bound up with the view of the single main character. People, talk, climaxes in action appear, but always within Miriam's mind. This is more than a centralization of narrative within a single point of view. Pilgrimage, page by page and book by book, *is* Miriam. Even more positively than in the novels with which James deals, the material seems transposed from life itself, with all the inevitable irregularity of shape, without the creative rearrangement which James demands.

But in an odd double fashion we are always getting from the books much more than Miriam's reaction of the moment, more even than an expanding sense of her development. It is too soon, with four or five volumes to follow, to say whether Pilgrimage will fall into some bold design. Doubtless the later books will produce new perspectives. The striking fact is that Miss Richardson's close notation is always producing perspectives, even when we are most occupied with its mere vivid detail. The imagery of the books is poetic, blazing and liquefying, and there is portrait after colored portrait which might sufficiently occupy us by sheer immediacy. But we continually gain an amplitude of view. Miriam's perceptions are like the sudden yellow rays of a dark lantern, turning this way and that, picking out sharp partial glimpses of other lives, catching effects and letting them go, etching out background and composite relationships while she herself is only partly awakened to the total effect. Every touch of the drama between

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Fräulein Pfaff and Pastor Lahmann becomes significant because the details of look and gesture are so perfectly seized, yet for Miriam the significance is barely pieced together. Silly Mrs. Corrie in Honeycomb runs in and out and talks to her husband and her guests and takes Miriam to town to buy hats; and her nervous, aimless, unhappy life becomes definite, though Miriam never sums up her impression. The blind tragedy of Miriam's mother appears in sudden oblique glances. Miriam is so close to it that she hardly realizes its elements, even in her moments of insight and emotion, but she sees enough for us to see more, and the vagueness of her view become part of the tragedy itself. There are dynamic changing pictures of other characters—not mere portraits—caught first from one angle and then another, which suddenly fuse and become broadly significant. Story after story is suggested and sufficiently completed, that of Miriam's sisters, the slow plain tale of the Misses Perne, the grotesquely humorous knot of situation tied by Nurse Dear.

In The Tunnel Miram is, perhaps, less occupied with external impressions than in the other books; she has cut loose from her older associations, is exulting in the adventure of being alone. People and things are present, but the impetus which they give drives her further and further within herself. Still, the world in which she moves remains immediate for us. The clever, facetious, literary group is apparent in its flittering shallowness, the life of Mag and Jan opens out sharply, the dentists appear as dimensional figures, each in his special social aura. Miriam is inarticulate but swift-minded, slow to form judgments but always struggling for them; her momentary glimpses are often contradictory and unreconciled. But they are always acute, and by some sudden play of association—this must be Miss Richardson's magic in handling them—again and again they fall into large focus.

But it is the fluent centralization of these multiple effects within the developing consciousness of Miriam which gives Pilgrimage its claim to be judged by James's difficult standard. The vivid pictures which make so much of the texture of the books are, of course, always revealing the basic sensuousness, the eager pliable quality of her mind; she is constantly being captured by the mere look of things. These picturings are saturated with mood, shot through with efforts toward understanding and conclusion; they are always expressing her ecstatic young emotionalism, her reserves and stiffnesses, her minor self-conscious agonies and moments of floating ease. Whatever of other lives appears, that appearance is kept invariably true to Miriam's mind and temperament, to her outlook of the moment. A short glimpse can show the beginnings of a satirical sense, as when in Pointed Roofs she folds away a perception of her charming, conceited, ineffectual father. "Glancing up she saw his face excited and important. He was not listening. He was being an English gentleman 'emerging' from a Dutch railway station." The expansions of her understanding, her attempts to achieve a self-protective callousness, the slow urgency of her creative powers, her small moral struggles, her impulsive fronting of situations and equally the way in which experience crowds in upon her: these join to make the theme of Pilgrimage and control its close and varied matter. And from book to book, from one series of episodes to another, with scarcely more awareness on our part than on hers, Miriam grows up. It would be interesting to trace the means by which this essential thing is made apparent. There are no striking changes in the first three books, and the emphasis of Miriam's attention shifts almost imperceptibly in The Tunnel.

Miss Richardson's special gift lies in her power to make the mere flux of the concrete suggest so much. She casts a pebble into a pool, and the circles widen and widen immeasurably. We get more than the conscious experience of Miriam, more even than a knowledge of the living people whom she knows, the human situations which she touches. We are led to judgments of these and to comparisons with Miriam's judgments which continually induce a rich commentary on youth itself. Such effects are not accidental, nor do they come with mere journalistic record. It is not simply that Miss Richardson knows Miriam's life so well that she can assemble all its elements, though as mere record the books are incomparable: subtle, accurate, unbelievably minute. But her sharp specification is something more than accurate. Her books have their many patterns, complex, strong and delicate, which keep emerging like outlines in transparencies. Her technique may be imitated. It is easy to think of a succession of novels which would use her swift brief imagery, her elliptic massing of episodes, her unrelieved directness. But this technique is part of her subject. Miriam's restless acute consciousness has created it; and other characters with other sensibilities should emerge in other ways. Even with a similar subject it would puzzle a disciple to fathom Miss Richardson's final secret, her power to make a slight instance pivot so full a train of suggestion. He would discover the imprint of a process of which James speaks, but he would not easily appropriate the process itself.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Heine

Heine's Sämtliche Werke. Leipzig: Insel Verlag.

IT was not to be expected that any of our newspapers should notice that in the midst of the war, a new edition of Heine was completed in Germany. Yet to those who care for discriminate judgment this was an event of greater significance than many that were made the object of special cablegrams. For it is only by noticing facts of this sort that we can correct the tendency to conventionalize and oversimplify our picture of the typical German, forgetting that nations are at least as complicated as the individuals who compose them. Doubtless rigid discipline, unquestioning obedience to official authority and a ruthless pursuit of ends at the expense of finer susceptibilities are outstanding characteristics of Imperial Germany. But the German people read and sing Heine even in war time, and that is a capital fact which all sweeping judgments as to German national characteristics should take into account.

In all literary history it is difficult to find a parallel to the official, well organized and persistent effort to read Heine out of German literature. Since the Kaiser himself and Treitschke set the fashion all the tame and collared professors of German literature have vied not only in the denunciation of Heine's unpatriotic attitude to his native land, but in frantic efforts to blacken his character and disparage his literary genius. It is generally easy to revile the victim of misfortune and the charges which have been thus accumulated against Heine are many and grievous. His failure to maintain his financial independence certainly made him unheroic. His hypersensitiveness to the lures of the flesh is certainly offensive to those whose imaginative sympathy is piously limited. A morbidly nervous constitution and a life full of physical suffering made him naturally petulant and lacking in that self-control which is the essence

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of human dignity. In his impatience with solemn mummeries he was undoubtedly guilty of Rabelaisian sallies that are out of accord with the standards of modern polite society. Yet none of this is the real basis of the officially cultivated hatred against Heine. Other and more honored Germans have been guilty of similar sins. Did not Goethe himself keep aloof from the patriotic national struggle and openly express his admiration for Napoleon? And does the story of Goethe's egoistic private life compare favorably with the epic of Heine's touching tenderness to his mother, sister and wife? Against the charge that Heine had little sympathy and understanding of Germany, his Deutschland is a crushing refutation. Heine's vital insight into the past of Germany was shown in his judgments on Luther, Kant, and Hegel, and his pentrating vision into its future by his estimate of Karl Marx, Lassalle, and Wagner, when these were young and unknown. It was this penetrating vision which enabled him prophetically to forewarn France and Europe against the Germany of 1870 and 1914 as well as against the horrors of Communism, against the Kantians "who will ravage without mercy and not only with sword and axe through the soil of all European life."

What irritates official nationalistic Germany most, and drives it to paroxysms of impotent rage is just the fact that Heine, a cosmopolitan Jew, a fervent admirer of France and hater of Prussia is, after all, the real national poet of Germany. For more of the classic national songs of Germany have been embodied in Heine's lyrics than in those of any other poet, not excepting Goethe. The hardheaded Bismarck, realizing more than lesser followers the limitations of military and bureaucratic power, opposed the anti-Heine campaign and advised the policy of nationalizing him as had been done in the case of cosmopolitans like Lessing, Kant, and Goethe. But the intellectual suppleness of the man of blood and iron is impossible to a brood of pedants bound by pseudo-learning about Aryan, Teutonic, Semitic races. That a Jew exiled in France, should bring the German language to the degree of perfection that Heine undoubtedly did in his prose as well as in his exquisite and incomparable lyrics, is perpetually irritating to those who have not learned that the vision of beauty, like love and hunger, can be the expression of our common humanity, rather than of a mythical national soul.

But it is not only the lackeys of militant nationalism that feel it their duty to depreciate Heine. The pharisees of the left and the courtiers of King Demos are no less displeased at one who, though willing to fight for popular freedom, could still speak of the "unwashed multitude" and scorn a state of universal equality. The fanatics to whom all life is a clear issue between the powers of darkness cannot readily forgive the detached poet who will not subordinate the free artist to the militant revolutionist.

But though no party, school, or sect can claim Heine as a faithful follower, he was undoubtedly right in regarding himself as a loyal soldier in the great war for the liberation of humanity. As a poet he was always the faithful worshipper of the beauty and love of life, freed from false shame and the misery of needless chains; and as a satirist he always used his keen wit to pierce the hollowness of canonized superstition and heap eternal ridicule on the slavish spirit that supports the clumsy violence and pious frauds of authority.

It is the fashion nowadays to belittle the work of the emancipator. To build up any positive faith is held to be nobler than to destroy obstacles no matter how harmful. But though it may be better to cultivate health than to cure disease, it does not follow that the physical trainer is always superior to the surgeon or physician. But the fact is, that the great destroyers of shams are always men of simple faith who are compelled in order to cultivate the fields of life to remove the stones of obstruction. Thus Voltaire believed naively in the saving character of the experimental philosophy of Locke and Newton, Mark Twain in the beneficial omnipotence of public schools, and Bernard Shaw has a most touching faith that salvation is at hand if we but remove the romantic veneer with which we generally cover the nakedness of things. The spirit of Heine is more profoundly disillusioned, but steeped in a profounder faith in freedom and love of life because not disposed to ignore the mysterious cruelties of nature. During a life that was almost a continuous grappling with pain, he always kept his indomitably youthful spirit, continuing in the service of poetry and playing with life, love and destiny even on his mattress grave. "Dieu me pardonnera! C'est son metier."

It would be vain to claim for Heine a place among the world's foremost masters. His keenly sensitive spirit reflected the conflicting currents of his time. But he lacked the robust strength to master them. Romanticist and realist, rationalist and mystic, lover and satirist, he expressed in exquisite melody and weird magical word-pictures the joys, sorrows, and poignant doubts that perplex the modern suffering spirit. "Ah, dear reader, if you would complain of discordancy, let your complaint be that the world is rent in pieces. . . . . Through this heart went the great rifts of the world, and hence I know that the high gods have given me grace above many others and have counted me worthy of the poet's martyrdom.

PHILONOUS.

Veblenian Common Sense

The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts, by Thorstein Veblen. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

THIS book is not good for Veblenians, because it is not a new book. Few of them will be disappointed in it, because few will find in it anything unfamiliar. The growing Veblen cult will accept whatever of novelty the book holds as "imponderables," which in the Veblenian tongue consists of articles "of make-believe which have become axiomatic by force of habit." They will take away some additional modicum of the Veblenian point-of-view and of the Veblenian common sense which has been exhibited in print more than once before. They will take away more of Veblenian phrase, which long ere this has made notorious the guile of the verbal craftsman, and will refer to "principles found good sometime before yesterday," " 'Live and let live,' the Occidental version of the Golden Rule," and to "the gentlemen-investors who have been managing the affairs of civilized nations." All of which may adorn conversation, but leaves Veblenism still more imponderable.

Those who regard Veblen as an acute critic of modern industrial society, but who, like Veblen himself, are no Veblenians, will get more of psychic income than of intellectual ammunition from the volume. It is true that its argument has not been set down before. Its array of theses of a "modern point of view" embodying "self-help," the immutable rights of ownership, laissez-faire, and other elements of an intellectually discredited individualism; of an incompatibility between this set of beliefs, set down in documentary form in the eighteenth century, and an industrial society organized on the basis of a machine-technique; of a use of this obsolescent-modern system of thought as a protection of vested interests; and of the end of it all in an imper-

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fect utilization and an arrested development of technique, is a formidable one. But, however much of newness these doctrines hold, they have all been suggested to the imaginative reader by Mr. Veblen's other books. The fault, if fault there be, in the author's own. If he had not written other volumes, or if in them he had not exhibited so penetrating an insight into the decorous habits and values of modern industrialism, the argument advanced here would be appraised as highly significant. But the critical student of Veblen will content himself with a single reading. He can put his time to better purpose by rereading The Instinct of Workmanship or the series of papers upon the preconceptions of economic science, written many years ago when Mr. Veblen was a "certified economist," than by lingering too eagerly over the pages of The Vested Interests. For, to him, it is far more important to get the essentials of Veblenian common sense than to make an application of it to certain problems of reconstruction.

But, as any adequate memorandum on reconstruction should point out, there are others than careful students of Veblen. And, more unfortunate still, those others comprehend most of those charged with discretion in the affairs of our topsy-turvy world. Since at last Veblen has written a book within the comprehension of even the business and the trade-union mind, why should it not be prescribed for all who have to do with industrial questions? In any properly regulated society a minimum of competence should be exacted of all who settle questions affecting the common welfare. They should, at the least, be able to recognize the society in which they live and to point out some of its outstanding features. No volume of equal size can supply an Official Attestator of Competence on Industrial Matters with so ready and adequate a test.

Or, to put the case specifically, let us suppose that the President call an industrial conference. The question at issue is the high cost of living which, properly understood, is why our industrial system does not supply us with more goods. The personnel of the conference includes representatives of the employers, the employees, and the public. If no guarantees of competence are required there is no assurance that the problem of how to make living easier for us by taking thought about the processes and organization of production will be adequately considered. Instead we are likely to witness a verbal deluge of needless vilification and obsolete platitude. Representatives of pecuniary interests will charge each other with personal naughtiness and unwillingness to play fair. The judiciously minded will try to center attention upon fundamental issues by endless prattle about "industry," "honesty," "sobriety," and "thrift." And their insight will be quite adequate to concoct formulas which measurably would have increased production in the days when all goods were made by hand, credit was a temptation of Providence placed before the prodigal son, and capital was an accumulation of small savings. If, perchance, such a conference should break up in a clash between vested interests, the wisdom lost could all be regained from the pages of Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Smiles.

But, if Veblen's book could be used as a test of competence, an industrial conference might be something more than an eighteenth century economic morality. The personnel of the conference might be called upon to read the book and to answer some such simple questions as these: What is the machine technique? How far is the development of industrial technique in advance of its application? Upon what do we depend to secure the development and utilization of technique? Show that business is a mere scheme of administrative arrangements for the organization of industry. Define and give examples of social waste. What is a vested interest? List, in the order of their importance, six factors upon which production depends. This list might be extended, but it would be unjust to require of industrial conferees acquaintance with more than a few of the facts of modern industrial organization. The candidate, failing upon a first test, should be kept in solitary confinement until he could pass upon some such list of elementary questions. The results need not be feared. The conferee will not be inoculated with any socially dangerous virus. He will catch no beatific vision of an unrealizable heaven on earth. He will not even get answers to the pressing problems of how to increase production. At best the test can merely cause the conference to substitute relevant for archaic considerations in questions of common welfare. Very properly it leaves the solution of perplexing enigmas to the gentlemen of the conference.

Since, however, the reviewer lacks even the fragment of omnipotence required to prescribe Veblen, he cannot guarantee the positive fruitfulness of the book. He can only commend it to those who do not know Veblen, in particular such as sit or expect to sit in industrial conferences. They need an infusion of Veblenian common sense into a body of thought that is pre-machine made. There is precious little evidence that captains of industry and leaders of organized labor have become too Veblenian in thought. The opinion of a German committee on responsibility for the war that Veblen's pen persuaded the capitalists of the Allied nations to attack Germany rests upon inadequate documentary evidence. However matters may be in the future, and movement of the popular and official mind towards Veblenian common sense will be followed by a clearer appreciation of the significance of modern problems and of the industrial world to which they belong.

W. H. HAMILTON.

Elsie Clews Parsons

The Oldfashioned Woman; Fear and Conventionality; Social Freedom; Social Rule, by Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN the ordinary course of antifeminist argument one is likely to get discouraged. What is the answer, for instance, to a man who insists that the very idea of a woman teaching Horace is contrary to all fundamentals of the universe; that he can't tell you exactly why he thinks so but that it's a fact that men are men and women are women, and anyway it's a fact that the real trouble with this country is the woman teacher. What is the matter with women teachers? Why nothing is the matter with them, he adores and reverences women, but isn't it a fact that a boy of school age is looking for someone to imitate, and can he imitate a woman? Certainly not. The great mistake with feminists is that they won't look facts in the face.

Having looked his facts in the face for an hour or so, one generally writes off that hour, and this is the really great mistake of the feminist. If she had what Elsie Clews Parsons calls an ethnological inkling of herself, she would be neither bored nor irritated by the hominist militant, she would be observant. Without that inkling, she loses an opportunity for field work, and wearies herself in the futile task of opposing "concepts" to "mystical, prelogical representations".

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Few people see ethnology as a social science. Possibly the experts themselves may frown on the popular side of Elsie Parsons's work. But the inexpert reader can hardly help wanting to communicate his joy over the illumination which she throws on our own contemporary society by pointing out the similarities between Polynesia and New York. The total effect of her four books written for the laity is to make the ordinary American realize how mortgaged and enslaved is his present to the inglorious primitive past. If the first railway carriages were laboriously modelled on the horse coach, sacrificing comfort and efficiency out of sheer obedience to custom, so our own habits and institutions make enormous and useless concessions to the ways of our ancestors. We may be incredulous, but the patient, impersonal, drily ironic evidence that Elsie Parsons piles up in these four books cannot be set aside by any except the angrily conventional. She is laconic, and she is irrefutable at least so she seems to a non-ethnologist.

In the first of her popular books, The Oldfashioned Woman, she has simply set forth savage customs, beliefs and taboos concerning every corner of women's life, and side by side with these she has placed our own customs and taboos. The results startles one into seeing the possibilities of studying ethnology at home. To take the case of women teaching boys, it is consoling to find that among most savage tribes there are periods when it is thought not only indecorous but actually dangerous for boys to be near women. If a Kurnai boy should touch a woman during the period of his initiation, he would fall sick. Were a Narrinyeri lad to eat with one he would become ugly and gray. Among the Lower Murray tribes the very sight of a woman for three months after a boy's initiation would bring blindness upon him and the withering up of his limbs.

For many things that puzzle our rationalistic minds there seem to be good racial reasons. One may wonder less at the unhygienic extremes to which girls will go to conceal the fact that they are menstruating, when one learns of the abhorrence in which primitive nature may hold them. "The Bushmen think that at a glance from a menstruous woman a man becomes at once transfixed and turned into a tree which talks. If a Quayquirie Indian of the Orinoco treads upon the place where she has passed, his legs immediately swell up. An Indian school-teacher told me that once one of her Sioux pupils developed a tumour on the neck, and that his father took him out of school on the theory that the tumour was caused by contact with teachers who observed no monthly taboos."

In her next book, Fear and Conventionality, she presents the same kind of facts, but they are strung on a theory. One who could perceive Polynesia in New York could hardly content herself with a mere description of their common barriers. In what, she asks, is it that we are similar to the savage? She finds this likeness in our dread of innovation; nothing either in Polynesia or New York is so disquieting as being called upon to change one's habits. Yet this powerful instinct is interfered with by another, by gregariousness. What is as likely to disturb our habits as the habits of others? There is only one remedy —the personality and habits of others must be made to conform to ours; and if we are, or suppose we are, inevitably different, we must set up barriers between us and hit those who try to climb them. Physical barriers, if possible, and if not the same result can be obtained by "consistently treating the unlike as representatives of a class and nothing else, by giving them a status . . ."

In other words, if you are a woman or a man or a guest or a host or a junior or a senior, you must dress, talk, walk, and generally conduct yourself as man, woman, guest, host, junior or senior. Hence the elaboration of status, the distinguishing ceremonials, "conventionalities", depersonalizing safety valves. Elsie Parsons shows how carefully humanity has padded itself against personal contacts; what a quilted coat of formulas it wears on every occasion for spontaneity, and to what lengths it has gone in drawing chalklines for impulsive feet. Around hospitality, for instance, whether savage or civilized, the lines are intricate. Both guest and host are saved from the incalculable dangers of improvising by accepted ceremonies of coming and going. "'I have completed my visit and am going,' says a polite M'ganda guest. 'All right, you may go,' answers the host. 'Well, I am about to go,' says the guest. The host replies: 'All right, goodbye. Pray to God, accost only the things that are safe, and meet nobody but blind people.' The guest responds: 'Lie down with honey-wine and milk.' 'So be it,' says the host, and then at last the guest is free to depart.

Justified though our apprehension of the stranger may be, he can, through the correct disinfectant and propitiatory rites be rendered rather harmless; and anyway one may get acquainted with him and discover that he isn't in the least different or upsetting, but there are two great differences which seem unclimbable by any rites. They are sex and age, and the greater of these is sex. "Men are men, and women are women," as the timid hominist cries, fearful and uncomprehending of the humanity that is above all sex as well as above all nations.

It is in dealing with his terror that Elsie Parsons most proves the value of an ethnological approach. She becomes neither rhetorical nor abusive. She is simply analytical of the man's man and the woman's woman, setting forth how in Polynesia as well as in New York they have tried to protect themselves against their unlikeness by emphasizing it. They harp forever on the string of their differences, "how like a woman," "how like a man," and she points out what efficient barriers to personal (human) relations these sex generalities are. Marriage "as the closest of relations between unlike persons and therefore the most to be apprehended is therefore of them all the most to be regulated." Family life too is uncomfortably close unless taboos stand between the threatened personalities and formulas are ready when spontaneity would be disturbing.

Not quite so disturbing as difference in sex but equally serious in mankind's timid eye is difference in age. Among the Uripiv Islanders there are ten age-classes, and every male has to mess with his own. "Age-classes are extraordinarily efficient barriers against personality, because by this classification everyone may be treated not according to his individual demands but according to the prevailing conceptions about his age-class."

The escape of personality from the prison of status is also the theme of her next book, Social Freedom, a brief and more generalized study of the social categories. She still sees these as expressions of the fear of change, but she emphasizes man's predisposition to classify rather than the reason for it. As she examines each classification spun by the human spider, she considers how much happier he would be could he be disentangled from his own web. She understands that the acrimony of institutionalists, who gasp over respect for old age and the preservation of the family and loyalty and honor, is largely a matter of different languages. "It is as if we circled about two centres,

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one the centre of status, the other the centre of personality. The circles overlap a little, and in the common segment we may argue, for the most part to disagree, but outside the segment . . . each set of us is aghast at the incoherencies of the other, its impertinencies, its cruelties."

In the evolution of a color print there are stages when it is all yellow, or red, or blue. The all yellow version bears no striking resemblance to the finished picture, and yet one recognizes it as a true and ubiquitous component. This form of partial presentation is often chosen by Elsie Parsons. In Fear and Conventionality she gives a picture of human society with all but the yellow fear of change left out. In Social Freedom she prints only man's tendency to classify, and in Social Rule, her last book, she has again chosen to segregate one color. One might call it red; it is the will to power. It is another point of view of the social categories, supplementing rather than contradicting her previous theory that man set up these barriers "against the innovations personality untrammeled would be up to." The categories, as she sees them now, perform a positive as well as a negative service in "gratifying the will to power as it expresses itself in social relations".

Elsie Parsons's practice of dissecting out one color from the human chromolithograph has undoubtedly the great advantage of clarity, but the attendant danger of ignoring the existence of complementary colors she hasn't always avoided. This is most noticeable when she is not on firm ethnological ground; when, for instance, in Social Freedom she characterizes trade unionism as a "caste movement" and scores syndicalism as "a vehement outburst of caste exclusiveness . . . and the greediness of the caste spirit." It is only fair to say that in Social Rule she has come to consider syndicalism the only hope of complete personal independence for the workers, but on the whole she is least illuminating, and some times not well informed, on the subject of labor and the state.

It is evident that in these volumes she has only begun to think about the new social order, and that her whole well equipped attention has been focused on the analysis of the old, especially that aspect of the old which is usually forgotten by those who think of political and industrial freedom as the one thing needful. The outstanding contribution of Elsie Clews Parsons is her ability to make one realize that it profits civilization little to have an A. F. of L. if the A. F. of L. proves its essential kinship with the Mandingoes of Senegambia by discriminating against women as women; or if seniority rule cripples parliamentary committees because once the Elders monopolized totemic magic; or if a wife is expected to take her husband's name and politics because there is still in us a drop of the Dyak of Borneo who believes in conjugal identity to the extent that when he is away head-hunting his wife at home must wear his sword night and day to keep him ever mindful of his own weapon.

A society founded on love of personality is Elsie Parsons's first concern; and by this she does not mean a world of raw emotions or one where real differences are ignored. For empty ceremonials she would substitute genuine personal reticence, and she would acknowledge differences without being afraid of them. If in the service of this ideal she sometimes stretches analogy or wanders into occasional onesidedness, she is easily forgiven if one remembers how few there are who have seen, as she has seen, the vision of a "neo-humanism" that would "set personality free from the overbearing rule of age-class, of sex division, of economic and political class, of family and nation."

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Roosevelt

Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by William Draper Lewis, Ph. D., with an introduction by William Howard Taft. The United Publishers.

Theodore Roosevelt, an Intimate Biography, by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt, by Lawrence F. Abbott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man. New Edition, 1919. *New York: Grosset and Dunlap.*

The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: Harper & Bros.

ROOSEVELT'S type of manhood, simple and magnificent within its limits, has grown even simpler to the mind's eye since he left us. The biographies, letters, reminiscences, impressions, eulogies that have been flowing from the press have filled out the picture but only enhanced its unity. They have added detail and even degree, but not feature. There was one master-passion running throughout his whole temperament and character: the passion for immediate results. It is curious and fascinating in all the mass of material before us to see how true he is in every branch of his multifarious life to this instinct. One need hardly cite his tendency to the immediate ultimatum in public affairs, "Perdicaris living or Raisuli dead," the twenty-four-hour demand he would have presented to Germany on the destruction of the "Lusitania," etc. etc. If a personal charge was brought against him he did not choose the attitude of disdaining to reply, or look to the tenor of his life to show the public what he was, or to the progress of events to justify him. He must be justified then and there. He must confute that antagonist instantly. The accusation must be crushed and the accuser put palpably in the wrong before the eyes of all. He ce hi maxim "Never hit softly." To hit softly leaves your antagonist still there and irritates him into the bargain. Mr. Roosevelt wanted to dispose of him. He wanted immediate conclusions. So in the old phrase he "tried conclusions" with his adversary and delivered his blow from the shoulder. The same instinct explains some of his splendid executive virtues. If he had a task to do it must be done at once; he could not brook delay. He would break through obstacles, thrust aside routine and the thing was put out of hand. There were addresses and lectures to be delivered in Europe by high invitation in the summer of 1910. Most of these were actually finished in the White House in the winter of 1908-9, some time before the start for Africa. He did not steep the subjects in thought, he did not let the slow bubbles of suggestion rise to the surface of his mind, he did not reserve a year of quiet evenings after the hunt, or the like, to mature and enrich his ideas. He preferred that these utterances in European capitals should be somewhat bare and obvious rather than that they should linger in suspense. He was habitually cautious about his facts, to be sure, but he composed with summary executive vigor. He would not postpone.

The same imperious instinct is seen in his very writing and speaking itself. Mr. E. H. Abbott who accompanied Mr. Roosevelt in the speech-making journey in 1910 in

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which he advocated "The New Nationalism" says of his speeches "They conveyed ideas from the speaker to his hearers with no evidence of substantial loss in the process of transmission. . . . . Those who heard made it perfectly plain that they understood. . . . . The great mass of the American people, it is evident from these speeches, do not mistake Mr. Roosevelt's meaning." This is largely because he did not tax the minds of his listeners with sustained argument. His arguments were short, each in one or two sentences. Often he gave vigorous assertions instead—justifiably. That is, the listener was not held in suspense. He was not kept in an attitude of watchful waiting until presented with a conclusion. A conclusion was given him at once with hearty decision. The speaker did not build one idea on another. He laid down his truths each for itself. The hearer does not have to remember, any more than he has to wait. In giving the conclusion at once Mr. Roosevelt gained the effect at once. One by one his strokes tell. Nothing is postponed.

This had of course a negative side, the absence of consecutive thought. His wondering companions note the extreme to which he carried the economy of time. He was no sooner seated in a train than he opened a book. It is not noted that he was observed musing. That would have had to be somebody else. It was an old reproach that his addresses dealt in commonplace. It is not altogether a reproach, but what was the cause? It was that the processes which enrich and ripen thought have had no time. He was ready to act instantly; speaking is a kind of acting and he was ready to speak instantly. He is ready to give out what he has, which is a healthy forthright reaction. He is not given to turn inward, brood upon and develop what he has. The instant reaction of the healthy mind, the politics of healthy-mindedness, the ethics of healthy-mindedness, the literary and art-criticism of healthy-mindedness,—he was never at a loss for these. It was for these that from first to last he stood. As a historian and naturalist he was really the same. The histories are narratives and have been written at a smart pace. An interest in events, a superb memory, swift common sense, these faculties do the work. In science he was an outdoor naturalist who excelled in observing and remembering. He loved to use his senses with sharp attention, loved to walk, ride, and hunt. Energetic attention, the necessity of action, these are the basis. He watched birds and beasts with all the more zest because no train of continuous thought claimed his attention from within.

We are filled with a just admiration at his versatility of interest and accomplishment. They were possible to him because everything was done swiftly and at once. They were possible because he was not a searching, brooding, persistent thinker in the principal business of his life. Prominent officials, says Mr. Wells, (and Walter Bagthot before him) cannot do any work. He means of course that they can do little exploration or original reflection, for a most obvious reason: they have no time. It is natural, therefore, added Bagehot that the successful statesmen in our time are mostly men of common ideas but uncommon abilities. Mr. Roosevelt was precisely this. The abilities were so uncommon, however, that had he had the impulse to push reflection, to get to the bottom of his subject, he could really have escaped from that press of business which Mr. Wells and Bagehot had in mind and have found ample time (as he had prodigious food) for thought. Few are the men confronted with such apparently overwhelming work who could deserve Mr. Lawrence Abbott's splendid words of praise for his friend: "He pressed his work instead of being pressed by it." Let us say in quite innocent worship that in this he was a miracle amongst men. But instead of using his power, that is, using the time saved (in part at least) to dominate his work by added thought as well as by speed, to grasp deeply and permanently as well as to grasp fast; instead of making his extraordinary knowledge converge and focus upon his lifework, he instinctively made his varied acquisition a kind of superb sport. He said to Mr. William Watson that he believed in "knowledge for its own sake." It was not the "vanity of variety," the "foppery of universality," it was the giant rejoicing in his strength. It was not the giant plunging with *all* his strength into the deeper problems of humane statesmanship. An open mind was not wanting. Could there be higher praise on this score than Mr. Root's: "He was the most advisable man I ever knew"? Here, as in all the primary endowments of good sense, he was sterling. But the reactions of healthy-mindedness can no longer be accounted equal to the task of statesmanship. It requires not the short span of thought only, "the trained faculty of transacting business," but the longer span. His splendid versatility was after all but one result of that mental constitution that forbids us to place him amongst the greatest, though he will always be amongst the most brilliant, of statesmen.

There is an intoxication in the life of instant and efficient reaction to occasion. The joy of "getting things done" mounts high. A mind ever thus occupied does not even discern the underlying humane problems unless and until they present themselves for solution in the order of business or of political policy. The faster such a mind moves the more absolutely and instantly it must take most things for granted. It lives outward, and the problems with which it deals must come at some special moment from without. Do we not see this in the admirable photograph of Mr. Roosevelt that is frontispiece to Mr. Abbott's book, one that has distinguished value among all the host of photographs? There he sits, so ready to answer instantly to occasion, so remote from the spirit that goes out for the deeper solution.

Yet we must not forget that we owe it to this master instinct that his personality was *felt* as it was. We knew what he was like because his conclusions and his acts came quick and plain, his self-expression was constant, he did not keep us waiting and wondering, he kept showing us what manner of man he was. Just as his meaning was clear as he spoke, so his temperament was clear as he lived.

It was this master-passion also that enabled him to be so firm and widely felt a moral teacher. He dealt in the great moral commonplaces, he never pushed further, yes;—but are we so sure that the elementary principles of right feeling and good sense, *some* of which he taught so well, are in our day of educational chaos really learned and assimilated at home or church or school or college? Life is "a re-discovery of copy-book maxims." Our fine disdain for the obvious had better not beguile us into the habit of setting a thing aside first, last, and always because it is so very plain. If we keep turning away attention from basal things how shall we keep our sense of proportion? This is the ground on which Roosevelt put his vigorous, "up-and-down" enunciation of principle. "There are certain things so obvious as to seem commonplace which nevertheless must be kept constantly before us if we are to preserve our just sense of proportion." He was a born teacher. He put out a principle like an ultimatum (which it is) with an

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"either—or," or a "but if." We felt seized on both sides by the two hands of his fierce and decisive moral energy. It was an arousing challenge and reminder to such moral healthy-mindedness as might be in us. His mind's constant grip of guiding principle on every subject was its most masculine and admirable trait.

The complete and fully documented biography of Mr. Roosevelt is of course still to come. All the books in our present list have points of special value, not least the letters to his children, in which there is both wisdom and charm. Mr. Lewis's biography is the most substantial and comprehensive, especially for the political reader and in its account of the episode of the Progressive Party and the events of the year 1912 in which the author was himself an actor, closely associated with the foremost actor. Mr. Thayer has also to record conversations of marked interest. All the books, and not least Mr. Hagedorn's Boys' Life and Mr. Morgan's account of "The Boy and the Man," are well stocked with heroic anecdote. Here was a boy's man if ever there was one and these two authors have seen and seized the inspiring opportunity. All these Lives paint a living picture; few figures in history assist the biographer to do that like Theodore Roosevelt.

DICKINSON MILLER.

Idealism and the Modern Age

Idealism and the Modern Age, by George Plimpton Adams, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Philosophy, University of California. New Haven: Yale University Press.

PROFESSOR ADAMS has written a book of outstanding interest and merit. It is an admirable example of not the least important kind of service which philosophy can render at a time when civilization is very obviously in a state of transition, when old economic and international structures are giving way to a new order which is still fluid and experimental, the plaything of rival theories and warring ambitions. Professor Adams offers no program or policy. Still less does he advertise a panacea for all our troubles. But he does what is, in the end, more valuable because more fundamental: he puts to us a problem of orientation and values. Whither are the spiritual forces heading us which underlie the established economic and political fabric? What is the value of the ends which, caught as we are in that fabric, we are pursuing? The forces of applied science, industrialism, democracy, which together with a naturalistic and biological outlook determine the pattern on which men's minds are molded—can these supply the guidance of fundamental values to our groping efforts at social reconstruction? In asking these questions, Professor Adams holds up the mirror to the spirit of our age, inviting it to that effort after self-knowledge which is the beginning of wisdom, and without which there can be no effective self-judgment or reform.

Throughout his book Professor Adams pursues a single theme which he elaborates with a wealth, not only of learning, but of insight, against an ample background of the history of religion, philosophy, and culture. This theme is that the battle of argument which is raging around the philosophical movement known as "Idealism," reflects the conflict, throughout the whole structure of modern civilization, of two spiritual attitudes. One of these, the idealistic, represents our inheritance from Platonism and Christianity. The other strikes the characteristically modern note of which Bacon made himself the herald when he declared that knowledge is power and that it is to be sought by organized effort for the improvement of man's estate. Thus one of the chief apostles of the "Baconian Idea" in this country, Professor R. B. Perry, has laid it down as "the axiom of modern civilization" that "the control of nature through the advancement of knowledge is the instrument of progress and the chief ground of hope." In this context we hear much of the solidarity of mankind in the enterprise of life, of confidence in human power, of the collective endeavor to control nature through knowledge of her laws and, having thus mastered the means, impose on her our ends, remolding her nearer to our hearts' desire. This is the gospel of applied science charged with philanthropic enthusiasm. It infuses into the crude biological struggle for life the moral zeal of the struggle for a good life. It finds voice in the meliorism of William James, generously protesting that the only problem of evil is how to do away with it. It links the instrumentalism of John Dewey, who bids us experiment and take thought that we may better ourselves, with Bertrand Russell's bold claim that "many of the evils from which we suffer are wholly unnecessary and that they could be abolished by a united effort within a few years." In its inspired moments this faith becomes a veritable religion of humanity. Short indeed is the step from biology to the self-glorification of mankind. At one moment we are shown the human species precariously struggling with an inhuman environment: at the next, with surging emotion, we see it as the incarnation of the only moral, nay divine, force in the world.

It is this spirit which animates all the diverse contemporary attacks on idealism. Listen to its critics. "Idealism is not at heart sympathetic with the democratic conception of civilization . . . the ideal which this philosophy glorifies is not the gradual amelioration of life through the human conquest of nature, but rather the perfection that was from the beginning and is forevermore." It is the philosophy of quitters, says one. It justifies our taking moral holidays, says another. It is a symptom of fatigue, a gospel of resignation, chimes in a third. It is the comfortable creed of parasitic professors, adds a fourth. It is romantic, it is mystic, it is unscientific, it is unprogressive—in short, it is everything that the truly modern man detests. Its social philosophy is accused of glorifying the status quo and defending vested interests on the plea that whatever is, is rational and, therefore, right. It is suspected of indifference to social reform, to the securing of better justice and happiness for the mass of humble men. But at bottom all criticisms spring from the single fact that the religion of human power and self-sufficingness is challenged in idealism by the religion which reminds us that our strength is weakness, and that true strength lies in self-surrender to values which are not of merely human making.

Professor Adams sets himself to meet the indictment of idealism all along the line. Idealism for him holds fast to the very truth which is needed to correct the shortcomings and failures of the Baconian ideal in theory and practice. He contrasts the two attitudes in order to show that they are antagonistic only when either is taken as complete in itself to the exclusion of the other. In truth they are complementary. We need them both. Above all, for an age which has pinned its faith to the Baconian gospel of self-help, a return to the idealistic theory of objective values is the one thing needful. Without it, the "will to power" will continue to defeat the aspirations of common people throughout the world, and there will be no end

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to what President Wilson has taught us to call "metaphysical tragedies." Only idealism can supply the right spirit and orientation for social reform. Granted that knowledge is power, how have we used that power? The existing industrial system, a monument to human control over nature, shows how we have used it, yes, and abused it. Slums, child-labor, the prostitution of underpaid women, industrial diseases and the ceaseless toll of workers' lives are the price we have paid and are paying for the improvement of (other) men's estate. Are not our conceptions of fundamental values here at fault? What is, or is to be, our standard? Are we to look for it back among instincts and interests warring with each other, setting man against man, class against class, nation against nation? Or are we to look for it, outside of ourselves, to "objective structures" through participation in which our self-seeking is made over into unselfish cooperation, and the power of knowledge directed to the common good?

With this problem Professor Adams deals in the spirit of St. Augustine's Uti non frui bonis terrenis, frui non uti deo. He traces throughout the ideals of modern civilization, and their reflection in philosophical theory, the contrast of the modern attitude—utilitarian; melioristic; idolizing initiative and power; bent in economics and politics upon releasing desires without disciplining or guiding them—with the Platonic-Christian attitude of contemplation, possession, fruition, participation in an objective order embodying autonomous values. The modern attitude posits a fundamental antagonism between man and the world. The world can offer him nothing to enrich his life, nothing to which he can devote or surrender himself, nothing into which he can throw his whole being and be at rest. He is divided and isolated from the world. The Platonic attitude, like the Christian, offers to his deepest insight a scheme of things inviting him to identify himself with it and, going out of himself, to find there the realities which will fill his life with enduring value. The economic rationalism, the scientific intellectualism, the ethical individualism of the present age are disintegrating forces which leave our loyalties without guidance, because they give us no autonomous values to enjoy and live for.

This is the line of thought which Professor Adams develops first through an illuminating chapter on Democracy and the Modern Economic Order, and next through chapters on The Religious Tradition and on Platonism and Christianity. Then follow chapters contrasting The Mind's Isolation with The Mind's Participation in Reality, in which Professor Adams settles accounts with the Berkeleyan "subjectivism" of which idealism is still commonly hld to be guilty. A chapter on The Autonomy of Values prepares the ground for a searching examination of modern theories of Knowledge and Behavior, Mind and Body. Finally, in two chapters on The Self and the Community and on The Interpretation of Religion, the threads of the argument are drawn together to the conclusion: "At the heart of our modern ideals, awaiting clarification and articulation, is something in addition to creative intelligence, something akin to participation in what Plato envisaged as the idea of the Good, and what Christianity apprehended as the universal historical community."

The key note of the whole book is in this passage:

> Our problem—the common problem of all who may face the future with hope rather than despair—is simply the problem as to whether man's life and his mind may still be thought of as participating in objective, significant structures, or whether life and mind are but the expression and prolongation of interests. This is the radical question for any theory of value, and for any theory of consciousness. It is the theoretical form of that question which statesmen and public opinion will sometime be called upon resolutely to face. When the time comes to decide what the world order of the future is to be, shall we go back to those structures and habits of thought which rest upon the maintenance and the balance of interests, or shall we go forward to a world in which interests are worth conserving, not because they happen to be our interests, but because they participate in an objective and a sharable good? We know now as never before what the modern world means. Shall we go back to naturalism and conflict, or forward to idealism and cooperation?

Die Weltgeschichte, it has been said, ist das Weltgericht. The Idealism of Professor Adams clearly will no longer be content merely to register the verdict of history: it will help to make history. In this lies its novelty, its importance, and its inspiration.

R. F. A. Hoernle.

The New Map of Asia

The New Map of Asia (1900–1919), by Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co.

MR. Lamont has related that he was present when the messenger came in and whispered to Clemenceau that the Germans would sign the peace; and he says that presently, when the cannon were booming this news to the world, the aged premier turned to his colleagues and said: "Gentlemen, this is what I have been waiting 48 years to hear." To Mr. Lamont the words apparently expressed the general feeling of relief and of hopefulness, of relief that the war was finished, of hopefulness that brighter days were coming. But if any such feeling pervaded the Hall of Mirrors on June 28th, when the Germans signed the treaty, one alert spectator at least failed to note the fact. "The ceremony," says Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, "thrilled neither participants nor spectators. Cannon were booming to announce the end of the war and the birth of the League of Nations. But the war was not ended. The League of Nations was not born. The signers knew that the document over which they bent was not the chart of a durable world peace. That is why they were indifferent. Their apathy was communicated to us who looked on."

Mr. Gibbons ascribes the "futility of the Treaty of Versailles" to three causes. "It creates a league of nations, the possibility of the existence of which is taken away by the stipulations of the rest of the treaty. It attempts to settle a few of the moot questions in Europe and elsewhere by the application of force. . . . . The treaty is silent altogether concerning questions that have been for more than a century as disturbing factors in provoking world wars as were Prussian militarism and the aspirations of Germany." It is with these latter questions that Mr. Gibbons's book deals; questions raised by what is called modern imperialism—the establishment by European states of political power in Asia for the purpose, or at all events with the result, of exploiting for their own benefit the economic resources of those countries. Mr. Gibbons would not maintain that he is thoroughly grounded in the history of all the countries with which he is concerned—few men are. But he has read widely in the recent literature, particularly the polemical literature, of the special questions

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involved; and above all—and this gives his book peculiar value—he has had unusual opportunities of meeting and conversing with the members of "the Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Persian, Russian, British, Palestinian, Zionist, Syrian, Armenian, Georgian, Korean, and Hellenic delegations." The book deals chiefly with the fate of India, Persia, Siam, and China at the hands of European states during the last quarter century, but it also includes chapters on the Ottoman Empire, Palestine and the Zionist movement, the Philippines, and the imperialist activities of Japan. Manifestly, the range of subjects is too wide to permit of any one being treated profoundly; but there is perhaps no book in English which presents more effectively for the average intelligent reader the essential facts of the European penetration of Asia in recent years.

Since Marco Polo informed Europeans that the people of India and China possessed "all the great treasures of the world" but were "no soldiers at all," the dealings of Europe with Asia makes a sorry tale. It is a story of exploitation of the weak by the strong; and if in the last half century the exploitation has been somewhat more humane in character, it has become more general and more generally practiced. The story is well known, but Mr. Gibbons tells it in a new way. He gives it to us with bald truthfulness, without equivocation or extenuation, and with the emphasis—the bias if you will—of one whose sympathies are frankly with the exploited. But he does more than this: writing in the light of the great war, he tells the story chiefly to make his readers ask and answer this question: by what *right* have European states gained control of Asiatic peoples, and by what *right* do they continue to impose their will upon them? This question he does not hesitate to answer.

> When we examine analytically and weigh dispassionately arguments advanced for the maintenance of European eminent domain, we realize that they are based upon principles we have proscribed. They are the principles of Prussian militarists and of the German imperial government. For European eminent domain is the doctrine of the Uebermensch put into practice. Races, believing in their superiority, imposed by force their rule and Kultur upon inferior races. European eminent domain has no justification, unless one believes either (a) that our particular idea of civilization is so essential to the world's happiness and well-being that it must be built up and spread and maintained by force; or (b) that "superior races" have the right to exploit, or at least to direct the destinies of "inferior races"; or (c) that the bestowal of material blessings upon people is adequate compensation for denying them the right of governing themselves.

Before the war most of us could assent without much difficulty to one or all of these "justifications." But during the war we passionately renounced, or our rulers did for us, the whole philosophy upon which these justifications rest; and it is the merit of Mr. Gibbons to insist that if this sauce is no longer good for the gander it should no longer be fed to the goose. Either the supposed "principle" for which we fought the war (the principle of the right of all peoples, weak as well as strong, to determine their own destiny) is a mere form of words, or else the European states have no better title to their Asiatic possessions than Germany had to Belgium. "A dilemma confronted the peace makers at Paris: their formula had to be either the reestablishment of the status quo ante bellum, or a world-wide territorial and political readjustment. . . . . The challenge to European eminent domain (in Asia) is the inevitable result of attempting to change the status quo in Europe by the application of another principle than the law of force." What the peace makers did was of course to "compromise"—they were sufficiently adept at the business to compromise even with a dilemma: they applied the new principle of self-determination to the peoples living under the sway of Germany and her allies; the "law of force" they continued to employ in dealing with their own subject peoples.

Mr. Wilson may not be aware that in making peace the Allies renounced the principles upon which they professed to fight the war; but the people of Asia cannot miss so obvious a fact. The attitude of these people was well expressed by a prominent Chinaman in an interview with Mr. Gibbons shortly after the United States entered the war.

> I am collecting carefully the comments in Great Britain and France on the proposals of Germany to the Pope concerning Belgium. The arguments of British and French statesmen and publicists are logical and just. Belgium has a right to the restoration of her entire and unrestricted independence. The pretensions of Germany to a special economic position in Antwerp are preposterous. Geographical propinquity and economic necessity are no longer acceptable arguments for violating the inherent rights of a nation to her own sovereignty. We Chinese believe in President Wilson. We are encouraged by the speech of Mr. Asquith, who has said that the new era the Peace Conference will initiate is one in which the nations of the world, banded together in a league, are going to insist upon each nation being master of its own destinies, when historic wrongs will be righted, and when great powers who, by sheer military superiority, by bullying or by fraud, have taken another's property, will be compelled to disgorge. At the Peace Conference we shall confront Japan, Great Britain, and other European nations with the deadly parallel. No special pleading, no sophistry, will be able to turn aside our just demands. We have our Antwerps in the hands of the foreigner. The title to them is no better than Germany's title to the great Belgian seaport.

The Chinese have the reputation of saying what they mean, and of doing what they promise. It is a distinct weakness in dealing with governments so long habituated to a Machiavellian tradition. CARL BECKER.

President Masaryk on the Russian Spirit

The Spirit of Russia, by Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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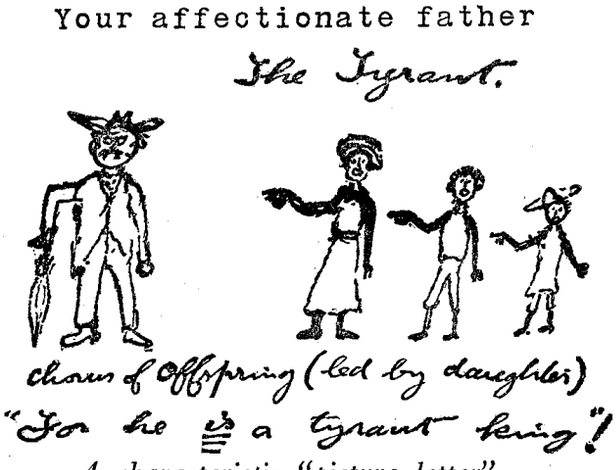

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if he is understood, if he is studied in his setting of all Russian life and thought. So much other critics besides Masaryk had perceived. Masaryk alone has exhibited the energy to bring together, in these two densely compacted volumes, the material adequate to the need. Master it, and you are prepared to go with him to his interpretation of Dostoevski. Unhappily, that interpretation is not yet accessible. One does not escape some pangs of discontent; so much hard work to do—for reading Masaryk is hard work—and possession of the ripe fruit put off until quieter times come upon Central Europe. Still Masaryk's material helps to explain many things besides Dostoevski.

Inevitably President Masaryk's apparatus includes a succinct history of Russia, from the remotest times. The net effect of this survey is to dispel the illusion that pre-civilized Russia differed widely in organization and habit of mind from the pre-civilized state of the western nations. There is no case for the theory of racial difference defined from the beginning. Russia was belated in falling under the influence of Mediterranean civilization, and when she did ultimately fall under that influence, it was through Byzantium, instead of through Rome, a fact to which Masaryk ascribes great importance.

For while in Russia political development pursued a course more or less parallel with that of the western states, there was throughout a subtle difference. In Russia as in the west the central power was established only after a long struggle with the recalcitrant chieftains and locally organized groups. In Russia, too, there was a long struggle between church and state, ending in a modified scheme of secular supremacy. But the western states derived through Rome the conceptions and habits of thought of Stoic legalism. This legalism furnished a common ground in even the bitterest political controversies. To this day the spirit of Roman law, as wrought over by eighteenth-century liberalism, serves as a common basis in the quarrel between the dominant radical and dominant conservative parties. Robert Smillie builds upon the same fundamentals as Lord Curzon; Mr. Lewis upon the same fundamentals as Attorney General Palmer. Russia received no such legacy through Byzantium. One might almost say that she had limited herself to the reception of Plato not wholly victorious over the Sophists and of Christianity not yet legalized and fortified by rigid dogma against loose heresy. Hence the conflict of ideas and ideals in Russia has always assumed a more violent character, ending as a rule in exhaustion instead of in compromise. Russian life is accordingly the more real, more vivid, and the less orderly. There is the more about Russian political and intellectual movements to fire the imagination, but also to plunge it into a torpor of despair.

But of course Russian history, developing parallel to that of the west, did not escape western influence. The absolute monarchy came from the west with Peter; western liberalism gained lodgment in the time of Catherine; the reaction after the French Revolution made itself heavily felt in Russia; the social revolutionary movement in the latter half of the nineteenth century made progress in Russia parallel with its progress elsewhere. But always there was the characteristic of sharper outlines, of greater color contrasts, than in the west.

Western philosophy, too, penetrated into Russia, usually to shine with a curiously refracted light. To account for what happened in Russian philosophy, Masaryk finds it necessary to engage in a summary of recent European philosophy, especially in its relation to the philosophy of history and religion, the relation obviously most significant for the purpose in hand. This part of Masaryk's study is worth examining, since it offers an opportunity for estimating Masaryk's own quality of mind.

What Masaryk has to say of Hume and Kant, of Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Feuerbach, of Comte and Spencer is all true enough, and properly documented; yet you read it with an odd sense of old friends redefined by unessential and hardly noticeable characteristics. What these men contributed to the matter and method of pure philosophy, how they added to the solid old structure for which the Greeks laid the foundations so well, is not an inquiry that greatly interests Masaryk. Every philosopher is animated partly by sheer curiosity, partly by the unconscious desire to validate personal or class or party preferences. Or, more correctly, he is part philosopher, part propagandist. Now, Masaryk is interested primarily, if not exclusively, in the propaganda. Are we justified in assuming, then, that the same thing is true of his analysis of the Russians? Probably, for nowhere else is the philosopher's propaganda so near the essence of him, nor so intimately related to action. For in no other country in recent times has "The Revolution" been for so long a prominent premise of all political and social thinking. Through half a century or more it has been practicable to classify Russian thinkers simply as revolutionists or counter-revolutionists.

Of course that would be one of the oversimplifications that hamper progress in understanding. No one will content himself with it after reading Masaryk's book, the bulk of which, after the historical and philosophical summaries, is devoted to a minute analysis of the different types of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary doctrines, to the rise and fall of revolutionary movements; to the character and mental make up of the leaders. While the account ends before the outbreak of the revolution, it illuminates, as no other work available to English readers, the interplay of forces the resultant of which, coming upon us out of the blue of our ignorance, has astonished and shocked us. It is a fair surmise that Masaryk has been neither shocked nor astonished by anything that has happened in Russia. One who had studied so deeply must have foreseen what was coming, and must now foresee as we westerners, with our minds tempered by Roman-liberal legalism cannot foresee, what is likely to be the final outcome, if anything Russian can ever be so unreal as to be final.

In writing his book, Masaryk was dominated by the traditions of scholarship which prevail east of the Rhine, where, before the war, anything that was soundly thought out and materially contributive to knowledge had to be read, no matter whether it was dull or bright, forbidding or of seductive charm. He was under no obligation to entertain and please, nor did he choose to throw pleasure and entertainment in for good measure. One surmises that he set methodically about the examination of each particular writer, taking notes as he proceeded, partly of the nature of summaries, partly recording his own reflections, then arranged them, or had them arranged, in as logical an order as was practicable and called them a chapter. That is not playing fair with the general reader, who would find greater pleasure and profit in an elaboration of the essence of all these notes, which could be made to convey twice as much in half the space. But for the student who is handling any subject in Russian politics or literature, the book is a mine of all the rich metals. One of the most indefatigable and intelligent men living has been taking notes for years, covering your very field, and offers them to you for your free use. That is the kind of unselfish service for which there is no adequate price.

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